PIONEER HISTORY STORIES

PIONEERS of the ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND THE WEST

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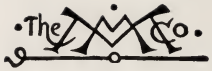
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PIONEER HISTORY STORIES

THIRD BOOK

Pioneers of the Rocky Mountains and the West

BY

CHARLES A. McMURRY, PH.D.

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PREFACE

The stories of early exploration in the Rocky Mountain region are spirited and interesting. They are of much value to children in all parts of the country, and to the children of the Rocky Mountains and of the Pacific Slope they furnish the best materials for early history study.

This third volume of the American History Stories is designed, therefore, as a series of introductory pioneer narratives for the children. The two preceding volumes, "Pioneers on Land and Sea," and "Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley," extend their view over other parts of our country through a similar class of biographical stories.

The Special Method in History gives in Chapter III a full discussion of the value of these pioneer stories, their place in the course of study, and the method of handling them in classes, with illustrations.

Several of these stories are made up almost wholly of source materials, as those of Coronado, Drake, Powell, and Parkman, and to a less extent the others. Such original descriptions by eye-witnesses are simple and vivid beyond comparison.

The pictures of the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas and of The First House in Salt Lake City are from photographs in the Fay Collection, of De Kalb, Illinois.

De Kalb, Illinois,
October 2, 1903.

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PIONEERS OF THE WEST

CHAPTER I

LEWIS AND CLARK: UP THE MISSOURI RIVER AND ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS TO OREGON[1]

Lewis and Clark were two young men from Virginia, who had been appointed by Jefferson, the President of the United States, to make the first journey up the Missouri River to its sources in the Rocky Mountains, and then to find a way across these mountains to the rivers flowing into the Pacific Ocean. Lewis was the private secretary of President Jefferson and Clark was a brother of George Rogers Clark, who captured Vincennes.[1]

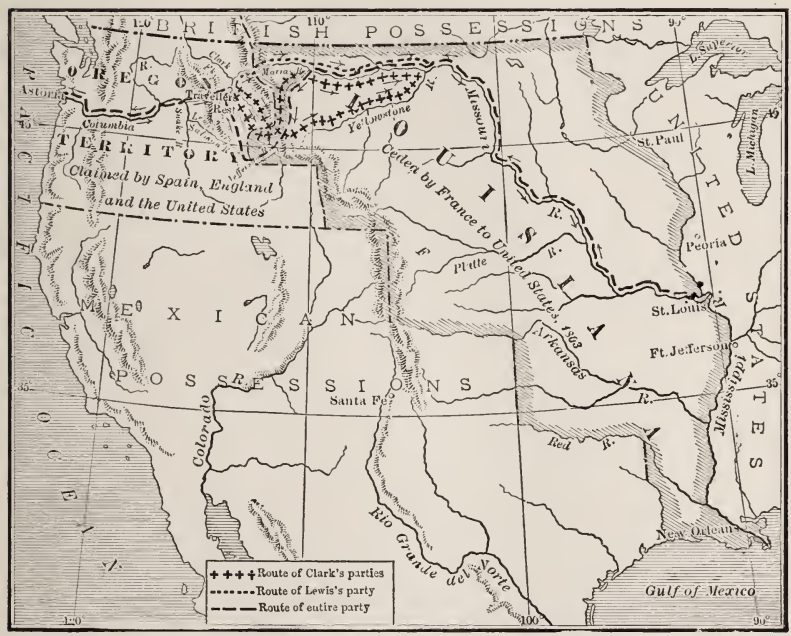
Until 1803 the United States had owned no land west of the Mississippi and even the American traders were not allowed to enter this great region. The French owned it and had called it Louisiana, and their fur traders were accustomed to pass up the river in boats, trade with the Indians, and return, laden with peltries, to St. Louis or other French villages on the Mississippi. But

[1] Authorities: Journal of the Trip; Drake's "The Making of the Great West."

in 1803 Louisiana was sold to the United States by Napoleon, the French ruler, and Lewis and Clark were sent by Jefferson to explore it and to make a full report to the government. Perhaps they would find a good route of travel from St. Louis to the Columbia River and the Pacific Ocean. They were to visit the Indian tribes along the river and tell them of the change of ownership. It was not known whether the Indians would be friendly or hostile or what difficulties would meet the explorers on the voyage up the swift current of the Missouri. They were also to observe the animals, trees, and plants, the soil and climate, with a view to future settlement. The government was ready to provide them well with boats, provisions, and arms, besides presents for the Indians. "A keel-boat fifty-five feet long, and drawing three feet of water, carrying one large, square sail, and twenty-one oars," was built for them at Pittsburg. "A half-deck at the bow and stern formed forecastle and cabin, the middle being left open for the rowers." The officers occupied one end and the men the other, for sleeping purposes. The explorers had also two or three smaller boats, propelled by oars.

Lewis and Clark selected twenty-six men for the journey. There were nine Kentuckians, fourteen United States soldiers, two Canadian Frenchmen, and one negro, a body-servant of one of the leaders. The boats were

well loaded with provisions, such as coffee, sugar, crackers, and dried meat, goods and presents for trading with the Indians, and clothing, tools, and instruments for the long and difficult journey. Even some horses were taken upon the larger boat and proved of much service. In the



THE ROUTES OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

fall of 1803 the men and the deeply laden boats descended the Ohio and passed up the Mississippi, landing opposite the little French village of St. Louis. Here they waited for the spring, collecting information from the French

traders about the river and the Indians and making still further preparations for the voyage.

On the 4th of May, 1804, the explorers left Wood River, just below the mouth of the Missouri. There were (including men enlisted at St. Louis) forty-two men in one large bateau and in two smaller boats. On the first night they encamped on the bank of the Missouri and felt for the first time that they were fully embarked upon their long and dangerous voyage. But the men were all volunteers, who had promised to explore and report to the government upon this newly purchased country, and none were disposed to draw back. They advanced slowly up the rapid stream, often striking the drifting logs which were carried down by the muddy current. On the 28th of May all the provisions and goods were put out from the boat to air and dry, and some of the men went out to hunt, bringing home a deer. Two days before this two of the men were sent out with horses by land, to explore the country back from the river and then to meet the boats again farther up the stream. On June 1 they returned to camp at the mouth of the Osage River, saying that the land they had passed through was the best they had ever seen. The timber was good, consisting of oak, ash, hickory, and black walnut. The Osage Indians, who lived about two hundred miles up this river, were of large size and very warlike. For the

sake of security the arms and ammunition of the men were inspected and found to be in good condition. The hunters were sent out to bring in game for the whole party. On June 4 they returned with seven deer. The next day, while rowing slowly up the stream, the voyagers met two Frenchmen in two canoes loaded with peltries, which they had traded from the Indians farther up the river. Three days later they met four French canoes full of furs and skins, which the traders were accustomed to bring to St. Louis to sell.

On the 9th of June the boats passed through a narrow part of the river, where its current was only three hundred yards wide, very swift and difficult to stem. On one side was a level country, called by the Indians the Prairie of Arrows. In trying to pass round a raft of driftwood, in this part of the river, the stern of the large boat got fast and the prow was swung round by the current till the boat was in great danger of upsetting. The next day the wind blew so hard from the north that the men could not propel the boat against it and all were compelled to encamp upon the prairie. Setting out early the next morning, they went on without halt till five o'clock, when they were met by five canoes of Frenchmen, loaded with furs and peltries which had been bought from the Sioux nation of Indians. Stopping to talk with these traders, they stayed with them the

whole night and learned much about the river and the tribes above. They persuaded one of the Frenchmen, an old man who could speak the languages of the different Indian nations, to join them as their interpreter.

Not only was the constant labor of rowing against the swift current of the river a great hardship, but the oars became worn out and broken. For some days the party had been on the lookout for trees suitable for making oars. Having found such a grove, they landed and the carpenters set to work to refit all the boats with oars. While they were at this work the hunters were scouring the country for game. The largest animal they brought in was a bear and from this time on they frequently returned with bear's meat for the camp. A few days later, the hunters having returned with two deer and a bear, the men halted, pitched camp upon the bank on a pleasant, sunny day, and jerked the meat; that is, cut it into small pieces, or strips, and dried it in the sun. To their surprise, the hunters brought in also a fine, strong horse, which they found grazing on the meadows, lost probably by some previous party. By constantly sending out the hunters, it was possible, not only to supply the camp with fresh meat, but even to lay in a stock for future use.

On the 21st of June the current became so swift that the oarsmen could not force the boats against it. In

order to meet this difficulty a tow-rope was fastened to the boat and then grasped by the men on shore; in this way the boat was dragged up for a mile till past the rapids. Soon after, in passing a sand-bar, the tow-rope broke and the large boat almost stranded. The mast and sail had proved of great advantage and in good weather and water the oars had not been needed. But the wind grew so strong that the mast was snapped off and it was some weeks before the explorers found time and means to repair it. About the 1st of July they pitched their tents for two days opposite the mouth of the Kansas River. Exploring parties were sent out to examine the river and to meet any Indian tribes, while the hunters searched for fresh game. Four deer and a wolf were killed and one young wolf was taken alive. They were surprised one day by catching a large wood rat, different from any other animal they had seen. About this time they began also to catch and bring in beaver.

On the 22d of July the party camped at the mouth of the Platte River, whence the hunters were again sent out for bear, deer, and beaver. Six men were also sent up the river to inform the Indians that the United States had purchased all this region, and that the Indians in the future were to respect their Great Father at Washington instead of the French king. Presents were also

sent to the Indians and their chiefs were invited to meet Lewis and Clark in council. Those who had remained in camp at the mouth of the Platte were busy bringing in game, drying meat, arranging stores and provisions, airing the goods, and making new oars.

While still proceeding up the river, messengers were sent to the Indian tribes inviting them to meet the party

LEWIS AND CLARK IN COUNCIL WITH THE INDIANS (From an old print.)

on the meadows at the foot of the bluffs across from the present site of Omaha. Here Lewis and Clark pitched their camp and some of the Indian chiefs came to the council and received presents. They seemed to be pleased with the change in government. The peace-pipe was smoked and the Indians agreed to remain friendly to the party of white men as they travelled up the river. This,

the first great council with the Indians of the plains, was held near the present site of Council Bluffs.

Having parted in friendship from the Indians, the explorers again entered their boats and pushed northward. The valley of the Missouri contained groves of cottonwood and other hardwood trees, but when the hunting parties had climbed up the bluffs and looked out over the plains, the latter were seen to be mostly treeless and grassy. Great herds of buffaloes began to appear. Scouting and hunting parties were constantly sent out to get commanding views of the country. One of the men was taken sick, and, although all that was possible was done to relieve him, he died after a few days and was buried on a bluff overlooking the valley.

The explorers were entering the country now known as Dakota and began to meet again tribes of Indians, who did not appear so friendly as those farther to the south. Councils were held and presents were given but the savages, who were the Sioux of the prairies, did not seem to be satisfied. They were invited, however, to visit the boats and were kindly treated. Once, after holding a council with them, Lewis and Clark were preparing to reëmbark, when the Indians seized the cable and refused to permit them to launch out into the stream. Thinking that the Indians had evil designs, the leaders were on the point of giving the word to fire upon them,

when the savages let go and the boat drifted out into the current. They said, by way of excuse, that they only wanted to trade longer with the white men. As the boats continued northward, parties of Indians followed along the shore shouting to them to land again, as there were other tribes coming to meet the white men. But the explorers thought it safer to keep to the middle of the stream to avoid further contact with the savages. Autumn had now come, the trees were bright with tinted leaves, and the wild-fowl were flying southward. Westward lay the country now known as the Black Hills, toward which herds of deer and antelope were returning before the winter set in.

As the cold nights came on and the waters of the river froze, the voyagers began to think of finding winter quarters before the deep snows and the extreme cold should begin. They had reached the land of the Mandans and decided to seek for some place upon the river, where there was plenty of wood for fuel and buildings. After searching several days along the stream, they decided to return down the river a few miles and to pitch their winter camp upon a wooded island. Having reached this spot, they felled trees, and built a stockade and log huts for shelter during the winter. The Mandans proved friendly and helped them in building the cabins. Presents were exchanged with the Indians and the whites were attended

upon their hunting-parties by the friendly natives. These Indians were accustomed to use round, tub-like boats, which were made of buffalo hides patched together. After the river had frozen over and the snows had fallen, they could travel up and down the valley or across the river on snow-shoes. During the long winter evenings, before the blazing fires the explorers heard curious traditions from the Indians. The following is said to be one of their legends: —

"The Mandans believe that the whole tribe once lived underground near a wide, dark lake. Above, on the earth, grew a grapevine which sent its roots deep into the ground and gave the people below their first glimpse of light. Some of the tribe, more adventurous than the rest, climbed the grapevine to the world above, and returned, bringing clusters of purple grapes. This wonderful deed so excited the admiration of the dwellers by the lake that they determined to climb the vine, and seek new homes above ground. And this would have been accomplished had not the vine broken under the weight of one very fat old lady, who tumbled backward, taking half the people with her. The remainder reached the light safely and lived very contentedly above ground, but when they died, they expected to return again to the lake and dwell there forever."

The voyagers learned also from the Indians, that "after many days' journey toward the setting sun, the

white man would come to a gorge, wondrous deep and wild, where the whole river plunged foaming down with thunderous roar. They even spoke with veneration of the solitary eagle which had built her nest in a dead cottonwood among the mists of the cataract."

The explorers, in their island camp, were sixteen hundred miles from the Mississippi at St. Louis. They had already met with much labor and difficulty. But the remainder of the voyage would be still more laborious. During the winter months they were collecting information for their future journey, mending their clothing and boots, and laying in stores of provisions. When the ice began to break up in the spring, the great floes would sometimes bring down a buffalo or other animal, which the hunters could easily slay.

Early in the spring the party was ready to continue the journey. The weaker men were sent back down the river, while the more robust and hearty set out in high spirits to meet the unknown dangers. But it was now much more difficult to force their way against the current. Shoals and rapids were frequent. The tow-lines had to be used in such places, or long poles, by means of which the boats were guided.

The mouth of the Yellowstone was passed and on the 26th of May the dim outline of the Rocky Mountains came into view, extending from north to south. The

summits, white with snow, stretched out like a long, low line of white clouds along the western sky. Still the hunting-parties were daily sent out to bring in fresh supplies of venison and buffalo meat, and around the blazing logs the stories of each day's adventure were related. "On the thirteenth day of June, while scouting in advance of his party, Captain Lewis saw, in the distance, a thin, cloudlike mist rising up out of the plain. To him it was like the guiding column which led the Israelites in the desert. Not doubting that it was the great fall which the Mandans had told him about, and of which he was in search, Captain Lewis hastened toward it. He soon heard its roar distinctly, and in a few hours more stood on the brink of the cataract itself. The Indians had told him truly. Not even the eagle's nest was wanting to make their description complete. He was the first white man who had stood there, and he calls it a sublime sight. Thirteen miles of cascades and rapids! At headlong speed the Missouri rushes down a rocky gorge, through which it has torn its way, now leaping over a precipice, now lost to sight in the depths of the cañon, a thousand feet below the plain, or again, as with recovered breath, breaking away from these dark gulfs into the light of day and bounding on again. No wonder that the discoverer stood forgetful of all else but this wondrous work of Nature."

The boats were brought to a standstill at the foot of the series of falls and rapids. It was eighteen miles over a very rough country to smooth water above the falls, but it was decided to carry the boats and supplies around the falls. All the horses with which the party had started out from St. Louis had long since perished. Wheels were made, also a sort of wagon, by means of which the men dragged the boats and supplies overland. It took a good part of a month to get around the rapids, and then they found that the boats were not suited to the rough, narrow, and rocky stream above the falls. From the timber standing by the river the men made new boats by hollowing out the trunks of large trees. These dug-outs were not so easily dashed to pieces on the rocks. Proceeding in these boats, they came to the place where the river breaks its way through the foot-hills, or lower ranges. A deep, winding cañon, five miles long and in places a thousand feet deep, has been worn down into the rocks by the action of the water during past ages. Through this deep and gloomy passage, called by them "The Gate of the Mountains," they reached the upper course of the river. They had passed near the present site of Helena and followed up the northern branch of the river, named by them the Jefferson.

Having come to the head of boat navigation, they stood at the foot of the main ridge of the Rocky Moun-

tains. But they also stood at the beginning of their greatest difficulties. How to get over this rugged, rocky wall was a problem still unsolved. Scouts were sent out to search for Indian guides, and horses with which to carry their baggage across the range. But they found neither Indians nor horses and the trails leading up into the heights were lost sight of. It began to appear as if their forward journey was at an end, for a march across lofty and unknown mountains, without guides, is a most dangerous undertaking.

On August 9 Captain Lewis took three men and set out ahead of the main body to find Indians and a route across the mountains. They followed the course of the river for two days, when they were delighted to see an Indian approaching them two miles away on horseback. Examining him with his field-glass, Lewis was sure that he was a Shoshone, and wished much to secure the friendship and aid of this tribe. When they were within a mile of each other, the Indian suddenly stopped. Captain Lewis did the same, took a blanket from his knapsack and, holding it by two corners, threw it above his head and spread it upon the ground in sign of friendship. He then took from his pack some beads, a looking-glass, and some trinkets, and leaving his gun, advanced toward the Indian. He advanced to within a hundred paces, when the Indian leaped upon his horse and disappeared

among the trees. They followed the tracks of his horse but were not able to overtake him.

As they climbed higher among the mountains, they reached a small gap formed by the high mountains which recede on each side, leaving room for the Indian road. Here they had reached the remotest sources of the Missouri River, never before seen by white men, and as they quenched their thirst at the cool spring they felt rewarded for all their labors.

Pursuing the Indian road through the hills, Lewis and his companions arrived at the top of a ridge from which they saw, to the west, high mountains covered with snow. They stood on the dividing line between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Following a steep slope down the western side, they came to a creek of clear cold water flowing westward. Here they found brush and dry fuel and camped. Having killed nothing during the day, they ate their last piece of pork and hoped to find something farther on to mix with a little flour and parched meal they had left. Having reached a valley, they followed it downward, hoping to meet Indians. Finally, seeing a man and two women in the distance, Lewis made signs of friendship and advanced. But waiting till he came nearer, they ran off swiftly and disappeared. Pushing on, the white men came suddenly to a party of women who, not having

time to run away, bowed their heads for the fatal stroke, expecting to be slain; but Lewis treated them kindly, gave them presents, and asked to be led to their chiefs. He also painted their cheeks with vermilion, in proof of friendship. In this way they marched two miles and came to a troop of nearly sixty warriors, mounted on excellent horses and riding at full speed toward them. As they came up Lewis put down his gun and went with a flag about fifty paces in advance. The chief, with two men, spoke to the women, who told them these were white men and showed the presents.

The three Indians at once leaped from their horses, came up to Captain Lewis, and embraced him with great cordiality, putting their left arms around his right shoulder and clasping his back, applying at the same time their left cheeks to his and frequently calling out, "Ah hie! Ah hie!" — "I am much pleased! I am much pleased!" The whole body of warriors now came forward and our men received the caresses and no small share of the grease and paint, of their new friends.

After this Captain Lewis lighted a pipe and handed it to the Indians, who were now seated in a circle. They pulled off their moccasins in proof of their sincere friendship, indicating that they wish to go barefoot among thorns and stones if they do not prove faithful to their words. After this ceremony all moved on to the Indian

camp, which lay in a fine meadow by the bank of the river. Here they were introduced to a leathern lodge which the young men had prepared for them. The grass was pulled up in a circle about two feet in diameter and a fire built upon it. The pipe was then presented by the chief, the warriors pulled off their moccasins and the whites were asked to do likewise.

The smoking being completed, Captain Lewis explained the purpose of his coming and the women and children gathered about to view the strangers. Lewis distributed the remainder of his gifts and trinkets and then told the chief that he and his men had tasted no food since the night before. The Indians had nothing but some berries and some cake made of service-berries and choke-cherries, dried in the sun. On these Lewis made such a meal as he could.

Close by was a rapid river, forty yards wide, which the chief said soon joined a larger stream. There was also a great number of horses feeding near, which Lewis hoped to secure for getting his party across the mountains.

Captain Lewis now sent out his men to hunt for antelope and the Indians also went to hunt, but all returned without game.

Having now made friends with the chief, Lewis explained his need of getting thirty horses to assist in

bringing his large party across the mountains. The chief promised to persuade his warriors to supply them.

Captain Lewis rose early the next morning, and having eaten nothing except his scanty meal of flour and berries, was extremely hungry. He found that his whole stock of provisions was two pounds of flour. This was divided into two parts and half of it boiled with berries into a sort of pudding. After presenting a large share of it to the chief, he and his three men breakfasted on the remainder. The chief was delighted with this new dish; he took a little of the flour in his hand, tasted, and examined it closely, asking whether it was made of roots. Lewis explained the process of making the flour, and the chief said it was the best thing he had tasted for a long time.

Lewis now hastened to be off with horses on his return trip, but discovered that the Indians were suspicious of his good intentions. He asked the chief about this, who replied that the Indians feared that the whites were leading them into an ambush. Then Lewis grew serious and said the whites did not lie and deceive, that a large party of traders, under a white chief, was just across the range waiting to trade with the Indians, and that if they did not welcome them, another tribe would do so. Then he asked the Indians whether they were afraid, whether they were not brave

enough to go to see and find out for themselves. This appeal to their pride and bravery aroused the Indians and the chief and six or eight warriors on horseback started out with Lewis. They were later joined by a dozen more Indians and later still all the men and some of the women joined them, having suddenly changed from gloom and fear to great gayety and confidence.

The next day Lewis and his party crossed back over the main divide at the pass and stopped at the spring. Two of the white hunters were sent ahead to secure game and Lewis suggested that the chief keep the young braves back so as not to scare away the game.

This aroused the suspicions of the Indians and soon all of them deserted Lewis except the chief and twenty-eight men and a few women. Soon an Indian brave rode back, saying that one of the hunters had killed a deer. The Indians pushed forward, and as they came up with the hunter who was dressing the deer, they seized upon the liver and parts of the animal which he was casting away and devoured them raw. The blood from the raw flesh streamed from their mouths, producing a disgusting spectacle. Captain Lewis divided up the animal, saved one-quarter for the whites and gave the rest to the Indians. They immediately devoured it raw. Two other deer and also an antelope were shot by one of the white

hunters. These were likewise divided among the Indians and put them in great good humor.

As they were approaching the main party of white people, the chief halted and put tippets of skin around the necks of the white men like those worn by the Indians. As this was intended to disguise the white men, Lewis, in order to give them confidence, put his cocked hat and feather on the head of the chief, and as his own overshirt was like that of the Indians and his skin browned by the sun, he could not have been distinguished from an Indian. The other men followed his example and the change seemed very agreeable to the Indians.

When they came to the forks of the river where they expected to meet Clark and the larger party, Lewis and the Indians were greatly disappointed that they did not find them. The Indians again became very suspicious and threatened to desert Lewis with all their horses. This would arouse the fear and suspicion of all the neighboring tribes and Lewis and Clark would find it exceedingly difficult to make the remainder of the journey. To allay their fears, Lewis gave up his gun to the chief, the other white men gave theirs to the Indians; and Lewis offered to stay with them till one of his men went forward to find Clark and his party. Fortunately the scout soon came up with

Lewis in Indian Costume

Clark's party, which had been toiling laboriously, with boats and loads, up the rapid stream.

When the two parties came together, a great council was held, the peace-pipe smoked, and Lewis and Clark explained to the chiefs and warriors the purpose of their journey, among other things to visit the Shoshones and to bring to them goods for trade. These speeches had a good effect. Lewis and Clark found there were three chiefs among the Indians and to each of them they presented medals, a uniform coat, a shirt, a pair of scarlet leggings, a measure of tobacco, and some small articles.

Presents were also given to some of the leading young braves. These honorary gifts were followed by presents of paint, moccasins, awls, knives, beads, and looking-glasses. They were all given a plentiful meal of Indian corn, the hull of which is taken off by being boiled in lye. As this was the first the Indians had ever tasted, they were very much pleased with it. They were much surprised by all they saw, — the appearance of the men, the arms, the clothing, the canoes, the strange looks of the negro, all in turn shared their admiration.

The white hunters brought in, very seasonably, four deer and an antelope; the latter was given to the Indians, who in a very short time devoured it.

Captain Clark was now sent out with a party to cross the mountain ridge, go down the Columbia far enough for boating, build boats if timber could be found, and prepare for the party to follow.

In order to relieve Clark's party of the heavy weight of arms, provisions, and tools, the whites exposed for barter to the Indians such things as a uniform coat, leggings, handkerchiefs, knives, etc. For these they secured for themselves very good horses.

Captain Clark, with eleven men, three horses for the baggage, and nearly all the Indians, climbed the divide and descended on the west side into the valley of the Lemhi River. Going down this stream past its junction with the Salmon River, he found that it would be impossible to descend in boats on account of deep gorges, rapids, and falls, which occur where the river breaks its way through the western mountains. It would be just as difficult to cross these mountains overland, because there were no Indian trails over them and the country was extremely rugged and barren. With this bad news and with his men almost starving, Clark returned to the main camp under Lewis. The party was now in a desperate situation.

An old Indian guide, in spite of the opposition of the rest of the Indians, claimed that he could lead them northward across the Bitter Root Mountains into the

valley of the North Fork of the Columbia River, and thence they could cross the Bitter Root Mountains westward to a navigable river flowing into the Snake River, or South Fork of the Columbia. It was necessary to get out of these mountains before the winter snows and

A Valley in the Rocky Mountains

storms set in, and it was resolved at once to make a desperate push across the ranges.

Having secured all the horses they could from the Shoshones, the explorers followed the old Indian guide northward over the steep and rocky Bitter Root Mountains, down into the valley of Bitter Root Creek, where

they found a friendly tribe of the Flathead Indians. Having passed down this valley to within a few miles of the site of the present town of Missoula, Montana, they camped at the mouth of Travellers' Rest Creek, and then ascended the Indian Trail westward over the Bitter Root Mountains, descending on the west side to the head streams of the Clearwater. It was in thus twice crossing the Bitter Root Mountains in an almost starved condition that they suffered their worst hardships.

"Almost a month was spent in getting through the mountains. Snow fell and water froze among those rocky heights. On some days five miles would be all they could advance. On others they could scarcely go forward at all. The plenty they had enjoyed on the plains gave way to scarcity or worse. Seldom could the hunters bring in anything but a pheasant, a squirrel, or a hawk, to men famishing with hunger and worn down by a hard day's tramp. The daily food consisted mostly of berries and dried fish, of which every man got a mouthful, but none a full meal. When a horse gave out he was killed and eaten. The men grew sick and dispirited under constant labor, for which want of nourishing food made them every day more and more incapable. In short, every suffering which cold, hunger, and fatigue could bring, was borne by the explorers.

Ragged, half-starved, and foot-sore, but upheld by the courage of their leaders, the explorers came out on the other side of the mountains less like conquerors than fugitives."

As they descended the west slope, Clark was again sent ahead with a small party to hunt and secure provisions. But game was very scarce. Killing a wild horse, he hung the meat in the trees for the larger party when they should come up. September 20 he reached the foot of the range and found in the valley a village of the Pierced Nose Indians. Here he collected dried fish, roots, and berries, which he sent back to the main party just in time to save them from extreme hunger. Clark himself was so famished that he ate too much of the unaccustomed food and was sick for several days. Most of the men of the main party likewise were sick for several days from overeating when they reached the friendly villages. Twisted Hair, the chief of the tribe, treated them generously and guided them down the valley.

From the Indians the explorers obtained supplies of fish and roots, and, following the smaller streams down to their junction with the larger, they were at length able to make boats from logs and embark upon the river. The horses, which had borne their packs four hundred miles through the mountains, were now left

behind with this tribe of friendly Indians, called the Nez Perces, or Pierced Noses.

The river was sometimes broken by rapids, through which the boats of the party were guided without serious damage. Gliding down the Clearwater in their five log boats, they reached its junction with the Snake River, and camped near the present site of Lewiston. The main river, upon which they now floated westward, was named Lewis (now Snake), and a great stream from the north, which combines with it to form the Columbia, was later christened the Clark.

At the junction of the two great rivers forming the Columbia they made a camp. "We had scarcely fixed the camp and got the fires prepared, when a chief came from the Indian camp about a quarter of a mile up the Columbia, at the head of nearly two hundred men. They formed a regular procession, keeping time to the noise, rather than the music, of their drums, which they accompanied with their voices. As they advanced, they formed a semicircle around us, and continued singing for some time. We then smoked with them all and communicated, as well as we could by signs, our friendly intentions toward all nations and our joy at finding ourselves surrounded by our children. We then proceeded to distribute presents to them, giving the principal chief a large medal, a shirt, and a handkerchief; to the second

chief, a medal of smaller size; and to a third chief, who came down from some of the upper villages, a small medal and a handkerchief. After they had dispersed we proceeded to purchase provisions, and were enabled to collect seven dogs, to which some of the Indians added small presents of fish, and one of them gave us twenty pounds of fat dried horse flesh.

"While the expedition rested at the forks, Captain Clark and two men went up the Columbia River a few miles. He was invited to stop at one of the mat houses on the shore, and when he entered he found it crowded with men, women, and children. A mat was spread for him to sit on. Several round stones were heated in the fire in the centre of the room, and when hot enough were dropped into buckets of water, each containing a half-dried salmon of good size. When the fishes were sufficiently boiled by the heat of the stones, they were placed on dishes made of rushes and laid before the guests, who found them 'of an excellent flavor.' At this season of the year the Indians were occupied in drying the salmon for their winter food supply. 'The multitude of this fish is almost inconceivable. The water is so clear that they can readily be seen at the depth of fifteen to twenty feet; but at this season they float in such quantities down the stream and are drifted ashore, that the Indians have only to collect, split, and dry them on the scaffolds.' In fact so

numerous were the fish and so scarce the fuel that the Indians, so they assured Captain Clark, frequently used the dried fish for fuel." [1]

All along the river the Indians lived largely upon fish and especially along the Columbia the nets of the salmon-fishers were frequently found. The Indians dried and cured the fish. "The manner of doing this is by first opening the fish and exposing it to the sun on scaffolds. When it is sufficiently dried it is pounded between two stones till it is pulverized, and is then placed in a basket about two feet long and one in diameter, neatly made of grass and rushes, and lined with the skin of a salmon stretched and dried for the purpose. Here the fish are pressed down as hard as possible, and the tops are covered with fish-skins, which are secured by cords through the holes of the basket. These baskets are then placed in some dry situation, the corded part upward, seven being usually placed as close as they can be together, and five on the top of these. The whole is then wrapped up in mats and made fast by cords, over which mats are again thrown. Twelve of these baskets, each of which contains from ninety to one hundred pounds, form a stack, which is left exposed till it is sent to market. The fish thus preserved keeps sound and sweet for several years; and great quantities, they

[1] F. N. Fletcher.

inform us, are sent to the Indians who live below the falls, whence it finds its way to the whites who visit the mouth of the Columbia. We observed both near the lodges and on the rocks in the river great numbers of stacks of these pounded fish. Besides fish these people supplied us with filberts and berries, and we purchased a dog for supper; but it was with great difficulty that we were able to buy wood enough to cook it."

The Indians grew more and more numerous as the explorers approached the lower course of the river and were friendly, supplying them with abundant provisions and receiving gladly the presents brought by Lewis and Clark. Most of the rapids were passed successfully in the boats, but on reaching the great falls, the party halted and passed along the shore, examining them. In spite of the roaring, swirling rapids, they decided to risk them in the boats. Taking out the more valuable baggage to be carried around the portage, the boats ran through this narrow gorge with its foaming rapids, much to the astonishment of the Indians.

Having passed these great Cascades of the Columbia, where it breaks through the range of the Cascade Mountains, the expedition was upon the smooth current of the great river in its last march to the sea. The voyage down the river occupied several weeks and it was the 7th day of November before the voyagers saw the Pacific.

The Indians on the lower course of the Columbia were in possession of firearms, which they had evidently secured from Europeans.

The first sight of the Pacific Ocean was hailed with joy but this was soon changed into discomfort by the stormy winds and drenching rains. The explorers had reached the coast in the beginning of the rainy season. Beating about the stormy mouth of the river, they had great difficulty in finding a good camping-ground for the winter. At last they found a wooded slope on the south bank of the river where they could build their winter quarters. In the neighborhood was good hunting. The exposure to the cold and drenching rains brought on fevers; but after a month's painful labor they finished log cabins and by Christmas time moved into them.

The Indians of this region brought dried fish and roots to trade. But the long journey across the continent had used up their merchandise and trinkets for trading with the Indians and in consequence Lewis and Clark had hardly anything left with which to purchase supplies. The hunters were constantly sent out to bring in elk, deer, and other game. Some of the men took a large kettle to the seashore and boiled down the water so as to secure salt. The Indians of this region were dirty and infested with fleas, and whenever they visited the camp they brought a large contribution of these distressing vermin. On

account of the damp climate, much of the meat brought in by the hunters spoiled and oftentimes the men were nearly destitute of food.

In spite of their difficulties during the five months of their stay on this foggy and storm-beaten coast, the members of the party used the skins of the elk and other game to prepare a complete outfit of clothing for their return journey. They repaired their firearms and put them in good condition, and tried to lay up a store of food before starting on their homeward journey.

They had expected to meet at the mouth of the Columbia some European ships from which they could buy supplies, having been authorized by President Jefferson to make such purchases. But no ships appeared during the rainy season, and they feared that by waiting too long they might be delayed in crossing the mountains and would be unable to meet their engagements with the Indian tribes with whom they had left their horses and baggage.

During the winter Clark had made a careful map of the journey from St. Louis to the mouth of the Columbia, based upon his records, field notes, and observations of latitude and longitude. He discovered that in following the Jefferson River to the chief divide they had made a great bend to the south and had gone five hundred miles out of their way. From the Indians they had learned also that the passes of the mountains on the shorter

northern route from Traveller's Rest Creek to the great Falls of the Missouri were much easier. It was decided therefore that, upon reaching Traveller's Rest Creek, part of the company should follow this shorter trail, while the others should go by the old route to recover their boats and supplies left with the Indians in the mountains.

On the 23d of March, 1806, seeing that game had grown scarce near their camp and their supplies low, the party found it necessary to abandon their winter quarters and start on their long return journey.

They were now almost destitute of merchandise with which to purchase food and horses, so much needed on the way. Going up the Columbia against the current was far more laborious than the descent had been. The boats had to be carried around the rapids. After passing the Great Falls, horses were secured and the remainder of the journey to the base of the mountains was made by land. The explorers were compelled to do some shrewd trading on small capital in order to secure horses. But some of the Indian tribes, especially the Walla Wallas, proved very friendly and generous.

Fortunately Lewis and Clark had made some reputation among the Indians in their passage down the river, by the successful treatment of diseases. Many of the Indians suffered from eye diseases and the explorers sold them an eye-water which proved helpful. The Indians came in

great numbers and Lewis and Clark treated them for their physical troubles to the best of their ability without doing them any injury. The work of the two leaders as physicians brought them food and supplies at a time of great need.

When the travellers came near the foot of the mountains they found again the horses which they had left with Tangled Hair, the chief of the Nez Perces. The horses were in prime condition. Having laid in supplies, the party was now well equipped for passing the mountains.

But in attempting to climb the ridges in May they found the snow twelve or fifteen feet deep, so that the horses could find no forage. The explorers were compelled to return to the valley and spent a month in weary waiting till the snows had melted. Late in June they again set out and quickly passed over the ridges to Traveller's Rest Creek. "Here a halt of two days was made to refresh the horses; and here it was decided to divide the party according to the following plan: Captain Lewis, with nine picked men, was to pursue the most direct route to the Falls of the Missouri, where a portion of his party would be left to prepare wagons for transporting the canoes and baggage around the falls, while he, with the other men, ascended the Marias River. Captain Clark, with the balance of the party, was to retrace the former route, pick up the canoes and sup-

plies left at the head of the Jefferson River, and descend that river to the Three Forks of the Missouri. Thence he was to proceed by land to the Yellowstone River, descend that river to its mouth, and there join Captain Lewis. Sergeant Ordway, with nine men, was to take the canoes and baggage from the Three Forks down the Missouri to join Captain Lewis at the falls. This plan was carried out." In this way the exploration of a much wider stretch of country would be made upon their return trip.

By August 12 the three divisions of the expedition luckily came together again below the mouth of the Yellowstone. They now hastened their journey down the swift Missouri, anxious to reach their homes again. They stopped only a few days among the Mandan Indians and then hurried onward, reaching St. Louis September 23, 1806.

The explorers had been gone two years and four months and the people of the United States supposed that they had long since perished; but President Jefferson still hoped that they might be able to return.

Before the expedition started out Congress had appropriated $2500 for its expenses. This appropriation was based upon an estimate of expenses made by Captain Lewis himself. But, as we have already seen, it proved wholly inadequate to the needs of the party.

Yellowstone Falls and Cañon

In his report to the government Captain Lewis gave a list of the men who accompanied him upon this expedition, and said of them: —

"With respect to all persons whose names are entered upon this roll, I feel a peculiar pleasure in declaring that the ample support which they gave us under every difficulty, the manly firmness they evinced on every necessary occasion, and the patience and fortitude with which they bore the fatigues and painful sufferings incident to my late tour to the Pacific Ocean, entitle them to my warmest approbation and thanks; nor will I suppress the expression of a hope that the recollection of services thus faithfully performed will meet a just reward in an ample remuneration on the part of the government."

In 1807 a bill passed Congress granting to each private and non-commissioned officer double pay for the entire period of the journey and three hundred acres of land from the public domain. A grant of fifteen hundred acres was also made to Captain Lewis and of one thousand acres to Captain Clark. But Captain Lewis objected to this and desired that Captain Clark should receive the same as himself.

Having gone to Washington, Captain Lewis made his report to the government and returned to St. Louis in the summer of 1807 as governor of the Louisiana Territory.

This position he held till his death, two years later, proving himself an able ruler of this newly won territory.

At the same time Captain Clark was appointed general of the militia and Indian agent of the territory. He proved a very able manager of the Indians and was highly respected by them. In 1812 he was appointed governor of the Missouri Territory with headquarters at St. Louis, a position which he held till 1822, when Missouri became a state. He was then appointed General Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in which position he remained till his death in 1838. In all his dealings with the Indians and Western pioneers Clark showed great ability as a governor, and was regarded as most just and honorable in his dealings. Among the Indians he was known as the "Red Head" and St. Louis was called by them the "Red Head's town." In the Indian councils the "Red Head" was looked upon as their best friend.

CHAPTER II

FREMONT'S FIRST TRIP TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS[1]

In 1842 Fremont, a young explorer, employed in the service of the United States, resolved to explore the Rocky Mountains and the passes in what is now Wyoming, then the northwestern part of Missouri. The South Pass was that point in the mountains in Wyoming where the first settlers to Oregon had crossed the main chain of the Rocky Mountains. Fremont desired to examine this extensive region, to measure the height of the mountains and of the pass, and to find the best road for travel through the West.

John C. Fremont

At St. Louis he had collected twenty-one men, mostly Creole and Canadian trappers, who knew the country

[1] Authority: Fremont's Diary.

WESTERN UNITED STATES AT TIME OF FREMONT'S EXPLORATIONS

toward the west, having worked for the great fur companies in St. Louis. Mr. Preuss, a German, assisted Fremont with the surveying instruments. Kit Carson was his guide. All the men were armed and mounted on horseback, except eight, who had charge of eight carts drawn by mules. In the carts were put the provisions, such as sugar, bacon, crackers, salt, dried meat, and coffee, also tobacco, clothing, blankets, and tools, for presents to the Indians, and the surveying instruments. Each cart was drawn by two mules and some loose horses and oxen were driven along to be used for special needs.

Fort Laramie

On the 12th of July the party reached Fort Laramie and found that the Cheyenne and Sioux Indians were in a state of bad feeling toward the whites, because in a recent quarrel with them the Indians had lost

eight or ten of their warriors. It was rumored at the fort that eight hundred Indian lodges were in motion against the whites. Fremont's men, though accustomed to such dangers, became uneasy on account of these stories and reports that numerous parties of Indians were on the war-path. Even Carson said it was very dangerous for Fremont's party to advance. He was afraid that the Indians might attack them before finding out who they were. Fremont, however, believed that the rumors were exaggerated and decided to take with him an interpreter and some old Indians, so as to make friends with the war-parties, should he meet them.

While Fremont was encamped at Fort Laramie, a large Indian village came up and pitched its tents near. The Indians made frequent visits to the tents of Fremont's men and the chiefs to Fremont's lodge. "Now and then an Indian would dart up to the tent on horseback, jerk off his trappings, and stand silently at the door, showing his desire to trade. Occasionally a savage would stalk in with an invitation to a feast of honor, a dog feast, and quietly sit down and wait till I was ready to accompany him. I went to one; the women and children were sitting outside the lodge, and we took our seats on buffalo robes spread around. The dog was in a large pot over the fire in the middle of the lodge; and immediately upon our arrival was dished up in large

wooden bowls, one of which was handed to each. The flesh had something of the flavor and appearance of mutton. Feeling something move behind me, I looked around and found that I had taken my seat among a litter of fat young puppies. Fortunately I was not of delicate nerves, and continued to empty my platter. The Indian village consisted principally of old men, women, and children. They had a considerable number of horses and large companies of dogs. Their lodges were pitched near the fort, and our camp was constantly crowded with Indians of all sizes, from morning till night, at which time some of the soldiers came to drive them all off to the village. My tent was the only place which they respected. Here came only the chiefs and men of distinction, and one of them usually remained to drive away the women and children. The numerous strange instruments, applied to still stranger uses, excited awe and admiration among them, and those which I used in talking with the sun and stars they looked upon with special reverence, as mysterious things of 'great medicine.'" [1]

Fremont had with him chronometers, large thermometers, transit instruments, and barometers, for the purpose of keeping a record of the temperature, rainfall, heights of places, and their latitude and longitude. Be-

[1] Fremont's Diary.

fore setting out on the mountain trip, several of the instruments were left at the fort. The longitude of Fort Laramie was found to be 104° 47′ 48″. By means of the barometer the elevation of the fort above the Gulf of Mexico was found to be 4470 feet.

During the stay here the men had been engaged in making numerous repairs, arranging pack-saddles, and otherwise preparing for the chances of a rough road and mountain travel. As it was a dangerous journey, Fremont called the men together, told them he was determined to go on, but if any of them desired to return, they could take their pay and be dismissed. Only one man accepted the offer and he was laughed at as a coward.

Just as Fremont and his men had saddled and mounted their horses and geared up their mules, several of the old Indian chiefs, tall, powerful men, forced their way to him and told him not to proceed, as the young warriors would be sure to fire upon his men. Fremont believed that they only desired to keep the whites at the fort in order to trade with them and prevent them exploring the country. He replied that they were determined to advance, and, if the young warriors attacked them, to defend themselves with their rifles. But after having set out, they were not disturbed further by the Indians on their journey. At the close of the week,

however, they met a worse enemy in a scarcity of provisions, "a great drouth, and the grasshoppers having swept the country, so that not a blade of grass was to be seen nor a buffalo to be found through the whole region. Some Sioux Indians, whom they met, said that their people were nearly starved to death, had abandoned their villages, and their receding tracks might be marked by the carcasses of horses strewed along the road, which they had either eaten or which had died of starvation." Fremont again called his men together, explained to them the facts, and declared his purpose to keep on to the mountains. He knew that some of the men would remain faithful to him. They still had ten days' provisions, and if no game could be found, they had their horses and mules, which they could eat when other supplies gave out. But not a man now desired to desert. Fremont sent back the interpreter and an Indian guide who had come with them thus far.

The explorers were just at the edge of the foot-hills, in full view of the great snow-covered chain of the Rocky Mountains. Fremont resolved to leave behind and conceal everything that would not be needed for their mountain journey. So they turned in toward the bank of the Platte River, where there was a thick grove of willow trees. The carts were taken to pieces and the wheels and other parts carried into some low places

among the willows, and concealed among the dense foliage, so that no straggling Indian might see them. In the sand, among the willows, a large hole was dug, ten feet square and six feet deep. All the goods not needed for the mountain journey were carefully covered up in this hole or *caché*. Then the ground was smoothed over and all traces removed. A good rain was all that was necessary to make the hidden supplies perfectly safe from the Indians. Then the men arranged their packs and loaded them upon the animals.

The day was calm and clear, except where clouds were seen along the tops of the mountains. "One lodge had been planted, and, on account of the heat of the afternoon, the ground pins had been taken out and the lower part slightly raised. Near it was standing the barometer, which swung in a tripod frame. Within the lodge, where a small fire was built, Mr. Preuss was occupied in observing the temperature of boiling water. At this instant, and without any warning until within fifty yards, a violent gust of wind dashed down and overturned the lodge, burying under it Mr. Preuss and about a dozen men, who had attempted to keep it from being carried away. I succeeded in saving the barometer, which the lodge was carrying off with itself, but the thermometer was broken and we had no other so good."

Fremont and his party now followed the Platte River

to the point where the Sweetwater enters it from the northwest, then turning up the narrow valley of the Sweetwater, they came to South Pass on the 8th of August. It is a wide, low depression of the mountains with an easy slope, and a plainly beaten wagon track leads across the mountains. Fremont went through this pass and came upon the head waters of the Colorado, which flows into the Pacific.

In crossing a fork of the Green River, the current was so swift that the barometer was accidentally broken. It was the only barometer Fremont had left and without it he could not measure the height of mountains. He says: "A great part of the interest of the journey for me was in the exploration of these mountains, of which so much had been said that was doubtful and contradictory, and now the snowy peaks rose grandly before me, and the only means of giving them accurately to science was destroyed. We had brought this barometer in safety a thousand miles, and broke it almost among the snows of the mountains. The loss was felt by the whole camp — all had seen my anxiety and aided me in preserving it. The height of these mountains, considered by the hunters and traders the highest in the whole range, had been a matter of constant discussion among them, and all had looked forward with pleasure to the moment when the instrument, which they believed to be as true as the sun, should

stand upon the mountains and decide their dispute. Their grief was scarcely less than my own." The tube of the cistern had been broken about midway. When they had made camp, Fremont spent the rest of that day and the next in trying to repair the broken barometer. At last, by means of a piece of transparent horn, which he boiled and scraped thin, and with glue, obtained from buffalo hoofs, he succeeded in repairing the break, and found that the instrument registered the same on the shores of the lake as before it was broken. His success in this experiment brought pleasure to the whole camp.

His chief purpose was to climb what was regarded as the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, now known as Fremont Peak. On August 15 they took a hearty breakfast, covering what was left (dried meat and coffee, enough for another good meal) with rocks. Saddling mules, Fremont and five companions turned their faces toward the rocky summits and began to leave the valleys behind. The mules had been refreshed by the fine grass in the little ravine of their last camp. Through a deep defile of the mountains, where the sun rarely shone and where they had to pass many steep, rocky places, the party rode along. Near the foot of this ravine they found themselves at the end of an almost perpendicular wall of granite, from two thousand to three thousand feet high. At the end of this valley and just at the foot of the main

peak they found three small lakes, each about one thousand yards in diameter and filling a very deep chasm. The mules thus far had shown wonderful sure-footedness, leaping from rock to rock without causing the riders to dismount. About a hundred feet above the lakes they were turned loose to graze. The six men prepared now to climb to the top of the peak. Taking off everything they did not need, they climbed leisurely, stopping to rest as often as necessary. They saw springs gushing from the rocks and about eighteen hundred feet above the lakes they reached the snow-line. From this point on it was steep climbing and Fremont put on a pair of thin moccasins instead of the usual thick-soled ones. At one place the climbers had to put hands and feet into the crevices between the rocks to scale the side. At last they reached the crest, a pointed rock, and found on the other side a steep, icy precipice, ending in a snow-field five hundred feet below. The top rock was only about three feet wide and sloping. The men ascended to this point one at a time. They stuck a ramrod in the snow of the summit and unfurled the stars and stripes. They also set up the barometer on the summit, and found that it was 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico. As the men sat there, thinking themselves far above all other animal life, a solitary bumblebee came flying by. The only live thing they had seen on their climb was a little sparrowlike bird.

They had also collected flowers, growing in abundance on the very edge of the snow. These flowers with the rest of the plants were carefully examined, preserved, and pressed between the leaves of books.

The day was sunny and bright. On the west the explorers could see many lakes and streams, the head waters of the Colorado. On the north is the Wind River valley, in which are the head waters of the Yellowstone. Still farther to the north they could see the "Trois Tetons," near the sources of the Missouri and the Columbia. To the southeast are the mountains in which the Platte River rises. "All around us the whole scene had one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion. Parallel to its length, the ridge was split into chasms and fissures, between which rose the thin, lofty walls, topped with slender minarets and columns. The little lakes at our feet were 2780 feet below us."

It was two o'clock when the party prepared to descend from the summit. When they reached the lakes the sun had already set behind the mountain wall. Having found the mules again and remounted, they reached their deposit of provisions at nightfall. "Here we lay down on the rocks, and in spite of the cold, slept soundly."

On the 17th of August, having reached the main camp, the order was given to turn homeward. Fremont resolved, instead of following by land the general course of the

Platte, as before, to venture with a small boat and five companions down the cañons, where the river had broken its way through the mountains to the plains on the east. The greater number of the men, going on horses, were to meet him again at Goat Island, in the Platte River, beyond the cañons. The Indians had told strange stories of cataracts, rocks, and whirlpools, but no one had ever gone through this gate of the mountains in a boat. The boat was of India-rubber, light, and loaded with the instruments, baggage, and provisions of six men for ten days.

"We paddled down the river rapidly, for our little craft was light as a duck in the water. When the sun was up a little way, we heard below us a hollow roar which we supposed to be that of the falls. We were approaching a cañon, where the river passes between perpendicular rocks of great height, which frequently approach each other so closely overhead as to form a kind of tunnel over the stream that foams along below, half choked up by fallen fragments. We passed three cataracts in succession, with perhaps one hundred feet of smooth water between, and finally, with a shout of pleasure, issued from one tunnel into the open day beyond. We were so delighted with the performance of our boat that we would not have hesitated to leap a fall of ten feet with her. We put to shore for breakfast at some willows on the right bank, for we were wet and hungry.

"Then we embarked again, and in twenty minutes reached the next cañon. Landing on a rocky shore at its commencement, we climbed the ridge to look about us. Portage was out of the question. So far as we could see, the jagged rocks pointed out the course of the cañon, on a winding line of seven or eight miles. It was simply a dark chasm in the rock, two hundred or three hundred feet deep at the entrance, and further down five hundred feet. Our previous success had made us bold, and we determined to run the second cañon. Everything was secured as firmly as possible, and having divested ourselves of the greater part of our clothing, we pushed into the stream. Mr. Preuss, to save the chronometer, tried to carry it along the shore. But soon there was no shore except the steep rocks. An ugly pass lay before us. We made fast to the stern of the boat a strong rope fifty feet long, and three of the men clambered along among the rocks, and with this rope let her down slowly through the pass. In several places high rocks lay scattered about in the channel, and in the narrows it required all our strength and skill to avoid staving the boat on the sharp points. In one of these the boat proved a little too broad and stuck fast for an instant, while the water flowed over us. Fortunately, it was but for an instant, as our united strength forced her immediately through.

The water swept overboard only a sextant and a pair of saddle-bags. The sextant I caught as it passed me, but the saddle-bags became the prey of the whirlpools.

"We reached the place where Mr. Preuss was standing, took him on board, and with the aid of the boat put the men with the rope on the succeeding pile of rocks. We found this passage much worse than the previous one, and our position was rather a bad one. To go back was impossible; before us the cataract was a sheet of foam and shut up in the chasm by the rocks, which, in some places, seemed almost to meet overhead; the roar of the water was deafening. We pushed off again, but after making a little distance the force of the current became too great for the men on shore, and two of them let go the rope. The third man, Basil, held on and was jerked head foremost into the river, from a rock about twelve feet high. Down the boat flew like an arrow, Basil following us in the rapid current, and exerting all his strength to keep in mid-channel, his head only seen occasionally like a black spot in the foam. How far we went I do not know, but we succeeded in turning the boat into an eddy below. Basil arrived immediately after us, and we took him on board. He owed his life to his skill as a swimmer. We now placed ourselves on our knees, with the short paddles in our hands, the most skilful boatman being at the

bow, and again we commenced our rapid descent. We cleared rock after rock, shot past fall after fall, our little boat seeming to play with the cataract. We became flushed with success and familiar with the danger, and yielding ourselves to the excitement of the occasion, broke forth together into a Canadian boat-song. Singing, or rather shouting, we dashed along and were in the midst of the chorus, when the boat struck a concealed rock at the foot of a fall, which whirled her over in an instant. My first feeling was to assist the men, and save some of the effects. But a sharp concussion or two convinced me that I had not yet saved myself. A few strokes brought me into an eddy, and I landed on a pile of rocks on the left side. Mr. Preuss had gained the shore on the opposite side, about twenty yards below. On the other side, against the wall, lay the boat, bottom side up. Lambert (one of the men) was in the act of saving Descoteau, whom he grasped by the hair.

"For a hundred yards below, the current was covered with floating books and boxes, bales and blankets, and scattered articles of clothing. So strong and boiling was the stream that even our heavy instruments, which were all in cases, kept on the surface, and the sextant, circle, and the long black box of the telescope were at once in view. All our books and almost every

record of the journey had been lost in a moment. But it was no time to indulge in regrets. I immediately set about trying to save something from the wreck. Making ourselves understood as well as possible by signs — for nothing could be heard in the roar of waters — we commenced operations. Of everything on board, the only article that had been saved was my double-barrelled gun, which Descoteau had caught and clung to with drowning tenacity. The men kept down the river on the left bank. Basil, with a paddle in his hand, jumped into the boat alone and continued down the cañon. She was now light, and cleared every bad place with much less difficulty. In a short time he was joined by Lambert, and the search was kept up for a mile and a half, which was as far as the boat could go. Here the walls were about five hundred feet high, and the fragments of rocks from above had choked the river into a hollow pass. Through this, and between the rocks, the water found its way. Favored beyond our expectations, all our journals but one had been recovered. Other journals, however, contained duplicates of the one lost. Besides these, we saved the circle and a few blankets.

"The day was running rapidly away, and it was necessary to reach Goat Island below, whither the other party had preceded us, before night. Should anything have occurred in the brief interval of our separation to pre-

vent our rejoining them, our situation would be rather a desperate one. We had not a morsel of provisions, our arms and ammunition were gone, so that we were in danger of starvation, and were entirely at the mercy of any straggling party of savages. We set out at once in two parties, Mr. Preuss and myself on the left, and the men on the opposite side of the river. Climbing out of the cañon, we found ourselves in a very broken country, interrupted with ravines and ridges which made our walk extremely fatiguing. At one point of the cañon the red sandstone rose in a wall of five hundred feet, surmounted by a stratum of white sandstone. In an opposite ravine a column of red sandstone rose in form like a steeple, about 150 feet high. The scenery was extremely picturesque, and, in spite of our forlorn condition, we were frequently obliged to admire it. Our progress was not very rapid. We had emerged from the water half naked, and on arriving at the top of the precipice I found myself with only one moccasin. The fragments of rock made walking painful, and I was frequently obliged to stop and pull out the thorns of the cactus, here the prevailing plant, and with which a few minutes' walk covered the bottoms of my feet. From this ridge and cañon the river emerged into a smiling prairie, and, descending to the bank of the river, we were joined by Benoist. The rest of the

other party were out of sight. We crossed the river repeatedly, sometimes able to ford it, and sometimes swimming, climbing over two more ridges, through which the river cut its way, in cañons, and toward evening reached the cut made by the river, which we named the Hot Spring Gate.

"As we entered this cut, Mr. Preuss was a few hundred feet in advance. Heated with the long march, he came suddenly upon a fine bold spring, gushing from the rock about ten feet above the river. Eager to enjoy the crystal water, he threw himself down for a hasty draught, and took a mouthful of almost boiling water. We had no thermometer to ascertain the temperature, but I could hold my hand in the water just long enough to count two seconds. There are eight or ten of these springs discharging themselves by streams large enough to be called runs. A loud noise was heard from the rock, which I suppose to be produced by the fall of the water. After a short walk beyond this cut, we reached a red ridge through which the river passed, just above Goat Island." At Goat Island they expected to meet all their party in camp again.

"Ascending this ridge, we found fresh tracks and a button, which showed that the other men had already arrived. A shout from the men who had first reached the top of the ridge, responded to from below, informed us that our

friends were all on the island, and we were soon among them. We found some pieces of buffalo standing around the fire for us, and managed to get some dry clothes among the people. A sudden storm of rain drove us into the best shelter we could find, where we slept soundly after one of the most fatiguing days I have ever experienced."

Fremont and his party returned by way of the Platte River and the Missouri to St. Louis, which he reached October 17th. Twelve days later he was in Washington, where his report of the expedition was soon in the hands of the government.

CHAPTER III

FREMONT'S TRIP TO SALT LAKE AND CALIFORNIA[1]

FREMONT, with thirty-nine men, in 1843 set out from St. Louis for a second trip, with the purpose of crossing the Rocky Mountains to the mouth of the Columbia, to see whether a good road to the Pacific could be opened. Besides rifles and pistols, his men carried with them from St. Louis a twelve-pound howitzer. They had twelve carts drawn by mules for their provisions and baggage, and a light spring wagon, covered, for the instruments, such as a telescope, circles, sextants, chronometers, barometers, thermometers, and compasses. Two Delaware Indians joined the expedition as hunters, also Kit Carson. The expedition passed up the Kansas River, then crossed over to the Arkansas, which they followed through the Royal Gorge into the mountains.

Fremont and his party had set out from a town of Kansas, May 29, 1843. September 6, after travelling seventeen hundred miles across the plains and through the mountains, he came into the region of Great Salt Lake. This had never been well explored by white men. A high hill or butte at some distance was to be reached,

[1] Authority: Fremont's Diary, and his Report to the Government.

ROYAL GORGE OF THE ARKANSAS

from which they hoped to get a sight of the lake. "We reached the butte without difficulty, and climbing to the top at once, at our feet we beheld the object of our anxious search, the waters of the inland sea, stretching in solitary grandeur far beyond the limit of our vision. It was one of the great points of the exploration, and we eagerly looked over the lake in excited surprise. It was certainly a magnificent object, and to travellers long shut up among mountain ranges a sudden view over the expanse of waters had in it something sublime. Several islands raised their high rocky peaks out of the waves, but whether or not they were timbered was still left to our imagination, as the distance was too great to determine.

"During the day the clouds had been getting black over the mountains to the westward, and while we were looking a storm burst down with sudden fury upon the lake and entirely hid the islands from our view. So far as we could see along the shore there was not a solitary tree and but little appearance of grass.

"On Weber's Fork (a stream 100 to 150 feet wide), a few miles below our last encampment, the timber was gathered into groves and then disappeared entirely. As this appeared the nearest point to the lake where a suitable camp could be found, we directed our course to one of the groves, where we found good grass and abundance of

rushes. The next day was spent in active preparation for our intended voyage on the lake. On the edge of the stream a favorable spot was selected in a grove, and felling the timber, we made a strong corral or horse-pen for the animals and a little fort for the people who were to remain.

"We were now probably in the country of the Utah Indians, though none reside upon the lake. The India-rubber boat was repaired with prepared cloth and gum and filled with air in readiness for the next day. Mr. Preuss, Carson, myself, and two Frenchmen had been selected for the boat expedition — the first ever attempted by white men on this lake. The summer frogs were singing round us, and the evening was very pleasant. The provisions which Carson had brought with him being nearly exhausted, our stock was reduced to a small quantity of roots. For our supper we had yampah, the most agreeably flavored of roots, seasoned by a small fat duck which had come in the way of Jacob's, the colored man's, rifle. Around our camp-fire were many guesses about the morrow and the islands which we expected to visit, whether they were wooded and abounding in game. The Indians and hunters had told of whirlpools and strange dangers on the lake. The men had discovered that the boat, instead of being strongly sewed (like that of the previous year, which so triumphantly rode the course of

the upper Great Platte), was only pasted together in a very insecure manner. This increased with us the sense of danger. In the boat were placed three air-tight bags about three feet long and holding five gallons each. These were filled with water and were placed in the boat with our blankets and instruments, consisting of a sextant, telescope, spy-glass, thermometer, and barometer.

"We left our camp at sunrise and had a very pleasant voyage down the river, which deepened as we neared the mouth in the latter part of the day. In the course of the morning we discovered that two of the cylinders leaked so much as to require one constantly at the bellows to keep them sufficiently full of air to support the boat. Although we had made a very early start, we loitered so much on the way — stopping every now and then and floating silently along to get a shot at a goose or duck — that it was late in the day when we reached the outlet. The river here divided into several branches and was so very shallow that it was with difficulty that we could get the boat along, being obliged to get out and wade. We encamped on a low point among rushes and willows. Geese and ducks enough had been killed for an abundant supper at night and for breakfast the next morning. The stillness of the night was enlivened by millions of waterfowl. We hurried through our breakfast in order to make an early start and have all the day before us for

our adventure. The channel in a short distance became so shallow that our navigation was at an end, being merely a sheet of soft mud with a few inches of water, and sometimes none at all, forming the low-water shore of the lake. All this place was absolutely covered with flocks of screaming plover. We took off our clothes and getting overboard commenced dragging the boat, making by this operation a very curious trail. After proceeding in this way about a mile we came to a black ridge on the bottom, beyond which the water became suddenly salt, beginning gradually to deepen, and the bottom was sandy and firm. It was a remarkable division, separating the fresh waters from the lake, which was entirely saturated with common salt. Pushing our little vessel across this narrow boundary, we sprang on board and at length were afloat on the waters of the unknown sea.

"We did not steer for the mountainous island, but held our course for a lower one, which it had been decided we should first visit. So long as we could touch the bottom with our paddles we were very gay, but gradually, as the water deepened, we became more still in our frail bateau of gum cloth distended with air and with pasted seams. The water continued to deepen as we advanced; the lake becoming almost transparently clear, of an extremely beautiful bright green color and the spray which was thrown into our boat and over our clothes was directly

converted into a crust of common salt which covered our hands and arms.

"The form of the boat seemed to be an admirable one, and it rode on the waves like a water-bird. At the same time it was slow in its progress. When we were little more than halfway across, two of the divisions between the cylinders gave way, and it required the constant use of the bellows to keep in a sufficient quantity of air. For a long time we scarcely seemed to approach the island, but gradually worked our way across the rougher sea into the smoother water, under the lee of the island. It was a handsome broad beach where we landed, behind which rose a hill. We did not suffer our boat to touch the sharp rocks, but getting overboard, discharged the baggage, and lifting it gently out of the water, carried it to the upper part of the beach, which was composed of small fragments of rock. As there was an abundance of driftwood along the shore it offered us a pleasant encampment. The cliffs and masses of rock along the shore were whitened by an incrustation of salt where the waves dashed up against them, and the evaporating water that had been left in holes and hollows on the surface of the rocks was covered with a crust of salt about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. It appeared strange that in the midst of this grand reservoir one of our greatest wants lately had been salt. Exposed to be

more perfectly dried in the sun, this became very white and fine, having the usual flavor of very excellent common salt, without any foreign taste.

"Carrying with us the barometer and other instruments, in the afternoon we climbed to the highest point of the island, — a bare, rocky peak eight hundred feet above the lake. Standing on the summit, we enjoyed a broad view of the lake, enclosed in a basin of rugged mountains, which sometimes left marshy flats and wide bottoms between them and the shore. To the southward several peninsular mountains three or four thousand feet high entered the lake, appearing, so far as the distance and our position enabled us to determine, to be connected by flats and low ridges with the mountains in the rear. As we looked over the vast expanse of waters spread out beneath us, and strained our eyes along the silent shores, over which hung so much doubt and uncertainty and which were so full of interest to us, I could hardly repress the great desire to explore farther. But the lengthening snow on the mountains was a plain proof of the advancing season, and our frail linen boat appeared so insecure that I was unwilling to trust our lives to the dangers of the lake. I, therefore, unwillingly resolved to end our survey here, and to be satisfied for the present with what we had been able, already, to add to the unknown geography of this region. We felt pleasure also, in remembering that we were the

first in the history of the country who had visited the islands and broken with the cheerful sound of human voices the long solitude of the place. From the point where we were standing the ground fell off on every side to the water, giving us a perfect view of the island, which is twelve or thirteen miles in circumference, being simply a rocky hill on which there is neither water nor trees of any kind, but several large shrubs and plants in abundance. Out of the driftwood we made ourselves pleasant little lodges, open to the water, and after having kindled large fires to excite the wonder of any straggling savage on the lake shores, we lay down for the first time in our long journey in perfect security, no one thinking about his arms. The evening was extremely bright and pleasant, but the wind rose during the night and the waves began to break heavily on the shore, making our island tremble. I had not expected in our inland journey to hear the roar of the ocean surf, and the strangeness of our situation and the excitement we felt made this one of the most interesting nights during our long expedition." The next morning, although the water was still rough, they returned to the main shore and found their friends anxiously waiting for them.

Fremont and his party continued their long journey north and west through mountains and deserts till, after nearly two months from the time of leaving Salt Lake,

November 4th, they reached Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River. Fremont had now completed the work which had been assigned to him by the government, but he desired to undertake a still greater journey, that is, to explore the region of country between Salt Lake and

The Desert Vegetation in the Far West

California, which is now known as the Great Basin. People knew scarcely anything about it and supposed there was a great river, the Buenaventura, flowing westward from near Salt Lake, cutting through the mountains and flowing into the Pacific at San Francisco.

On the 10th of November, only six days after his arrival at Fort Vancouver, Fremont's party was ready to

set out on this second expedition. It was just beginning winter and a very dangerous time to attempt it. There were twenty-five persons with horses and mules. All knew that a strange country was to be explored and dangers and hardships to be met, but no one blenched at the prospect.

"They travelled first southward till they reached Lake Tlamath (Klamath), then, skirting the mountains about the middle of December, they had crossed over to the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, advancing southward.

"In the latter part of January they were toiling along among the mountain ridges through the snow and, finally, had to leave behind the twelve-pound howitzer.

"January 29 several Indians appeared on the hillsides, reconnoitring the camp, and were induced to come in. Others came in during the afternoon, and in the evening we held a council. The Indians immediately made it plain that the waters on which we were also belong to the Great Basin, in the edge of which we had been travelling. It now became evident that we still had the great ridge on the right to cross before we could reach the Pacific waters. We explained to the Indians that we were endeavoring to find a passage across the mountains into the country of the whites whom we were going to see and told them that we wished them to bring us a guide, to whom we would give presents of scarlet

cloth and other articles which were shown them. They looked at the reward we offered and conferred with each other, but pointed to the snow on the mountains, drew their hands across their necks, and raised them above their heads, to show the depth; signifying that it was impossible to get through. They made signs that we must go to the southward, over a pass, through a lower range which they pointed out. There, they said, at the end of one day's travel, we would find people who lived near a pass in the great mountain; and to that point they engaged to furnish us a guide.

"Once, they told us, about two years ago, a party of twelve men like ourselves had gone up the river, and crossed to the other waters. They pointed out to us where they had crossed; but then, they said, it was summer-time; but now it could not be done.

"The Indians brought in during the evening an abundant supply of pine nuts, which we traded from them. When roasted, their pleasant flavor made an agreeable addition to our now scanty store of provisions. Our principal stock was in peas, which, it is not necessary to say, contain scarcely any nutriment. We had still a little flour left, a little coffee, and a quantity of sugar, which I reserved as a defence against starvation.

"The Indians told us that at certain seasons they have

fish in their waters, which we supposed to be salmon-trout; for the remainder of the year they live upon the pine-nuts which form their great winter food — a portion being always at hand, shut up in the natural storehouse of the cones. At present this whole people seemed to be living on this simple vegetable.

"Our guide, who was a young man, joined us the next morning. Leaving our encampment late in the day, we descended the river. With our late start we made but ten miles and encamped in the lower river bottom where there was no snow, but a great deal of ice. We cut piles of long grass to lay under our blankets, and fires were made of the large dry willows, groves of which wooded the stream.

"January 31 we took our way over a gently rising ground, the dividing ridge being tolerably low; and travelling easily along a broad trail, in twelve or fourteen miles reached the upper part of the pass, when it began to snow thickly, with very cold weather. The Indians had only the usual scanty covering, and appeared to suffer greatly from the cold. All the Indians left us except our guide. Half hidden by the storm, the mountains looked dreary, and as night began to approach, the guide showed great reluctance to go forward. I placed him between two rifles, for the way began to be difficult. Travelling a little farther, we

struck a ravine, which the guide said would lead us to the river; and as the poor fellow suffered greatly, shivering in the cold which fell upon his naked skin, I would not detain him any longer, and he ran off to the mountains where he said there was a hut near by. He had kept the blue and scarlet cloths I had given him tightly rolled up, preferring rather to endure the cold than to get them wet. In the course of the afternoon one of the men had his foot frost-bitten; and about dark we had the satisfaction to reach the bottom of a stream timbered with large trees, among which we found a sheltered camp, with an abundance of such grass as the season afforded for the animals. This we felt sure was the central ridge of the Sierra Nevada, the great California mountains, which only now lay between us and the bay. Up to this point, with the exception of two, stolen by the Indians, we had lost none of the horses brought from the Columbia River. We had now sixty-seven animals in the band.

"We had scarcely lighted our fires, when the camp was crowded with nearly naked Indians. Some of them were furnished with long nets, in addition to bows, and appeared to have been out on the sage hills to hunt rabbits. These nets were perhaps thirty to forty feet long, kept upright in the ground by slight sticks at intervals, and made from a kind of wild hemp. They

came among us without fear, and scattered themselves about the fires, mainly occupied in gratifying their astonishment. I was struck by the singular looks of a dozen who were sitting on their haunches, perched on a log near one of the fires, with their quick sharp eyes following every motion.

"We gathered together a few of the more intelligent of the Indians and held this evening an interesting council. I explained to them my intentions. I told them that we had come from a very far country, having been travelling now nearly a year, and that we were desirous simply to go across the mountain into the country of the other whites. There were two who appeared very intelligent, — one a somewhat old man. He told me that, before the snows fell, it was six sleeps to the place where the whites lived, but that now it was impossible to cross the mountain on account of the deep snow, showing us, as the others had done, that it was over our heads; he urged us strongly to follow the course of the river, which he said would conduct us to a lake in which there were many large fish. There, he said, were many people; there was no snow on the ground, and we might remain there until the spring. From their description we were enabled to judge that we were encamped on the upper waters of the Salmon Trout River. Our talk was entirely by signs, but they spoke also rapidly and excitedly. "Tah-ve," a word

meaning snow, we very soon learned to know, from its frequent repetition. I told him that the men and horses were strong, and that we would break a road through the snow. Spreading before him our bales of scarlet cloth and trinkets, I showed him what we would give for a guide. It was necessary to obtain one if possible, for I had determined here to attempt the passage of the mountain. Pulling a bunch of grass from the ground, after a short discussion among themselves, the old man made us comprehend, that if we could break through the snow, at the end of three days we would come down upon grass, which he showed us would be about six inches high. So far, he said, he had been in hunting for elk; but beyond that (and he closed his eyes) he had seen nothing; but there was one among them who had been to the whites, and, going out of the lodge, he returned with a young man of very intelligent appearance. Here, said he, is a young man who has seen the whites with his own eyes, and he swore, first by the sky, and then by the ground, that what he said was true. With a large present of goods we prevailed upon this young man to be our guide. He was thinly clad and nearly barefoot, his moccasins being nearly worn out. We gave him skins to make a new pair, and to enable him to perform his undertaking to us. The Indians remained in camp during the night, and we kept two others to sleep in the lodge with us, — Carson

lying across the door, and having made them understand the use of our firearms. The snow, which had stopped in the evening, commenced falling again in the course of the night, and it snowed steadily all the day.

"In the morning I acquainted the men with my decision, and explained to them that necessity required us to make a great effort to clear the mountains. I reminded them of the beautiful valley of the Sacramento, with which they were familiar from the descriptions of Carson, who had been there fifteen years before, and who, in our late privations, had delighted us in speaking of its rich pastures and abounding game, and drew a vivid contrast between its summer climate, less than one hundred miles distant, and the falling snow around us. I informed them (and long experience had given them confidence in my observations and good instruments) that almost directly west, and only about seventy miles distant, was the great farm of Captain Sutter. I told them that, from the heights of the mountains before us, we should doubtless see the valley of the Sacramento River, and with one effort place ourselves again in the midst of plenty. The people received this decision with cheerful obedience, and the day following was given to preparation for the journey. Leggings, moccasins, clothing, all were put in the best state to resist the cold. Our guide was not neglected. Extreme suffering might make him desert. Leggings, mocca-

sins, some articles of clothing, and a large gum blanket, in addition to the blue and scarlet cloth, were lavished upon him, and to his great and evident contentment. He arrayed himself in all his colors. Clad in green, blue, and scarlet, he made a gay-looking Indian, and with his various presents was probably richer and better clothed than any of his tribe had ever been before. I have already said that our provisions were very low. We had neither tallow nor grease of any kind remaining, and the want of salt became one of our greatest privations. The poor dog which had been found in Bear River Valley, and had been our companion ever since, had now become fat, and the mess to which it belonged requested permission to kill it. Spread out on the snow, the meat looked very good, and it made a strengthening meal for the greater part of the camp. Indians brought in two or three rabbits during the day, which we purchased from them.

"February 2. It had ceased snowing, and the lower air was clear and frosty. Six or seven thousand feet above, the peaks of the Sierra now and then appeared among the rolling clouds. Crossing the river (from forty to seventy feet wide) on the ice, we at once commenced the ascent of the mountain along the valley of a branch stream.

"The snow deepened rapidly, and it soon became necessary to break a road. For this purpose a party of ten men was formed, mounted on the strongest horses, each

man in order opening the road on foot or on horseback, until he and his horse were tired out, when he stepped aside and another took his place. Travelling higher up, we encamped on the banks of the stream, in about four feet of snow. Near by Carson found an open hillside, where the wind and sun had melted the snow, leaving exposed enough bunch-grass for the animals at night. The nut-pines were now giving way to heavy timber, and there were some pines on the bottom, around the roots of which the sun had melted away the snow. Here we made our camps and built huge fires."

The party now began to climb the ridges leading up to the main range.

"February 4. I went ahead early with two or three men, each leading a horse to break the road. We were obliged to abandon the hollow entirely, and work along the mountain side, which was very steep, and the snow covered with an icy crust. We cut a footing as we advanced, and trampled a road through for the animals. But occasionally one plunged outside the trail and slid along the field to the bottom, a hundred yards below.

"Toward a pass which the guide indicated here, we attempted in the afternoon to force a road; but after laboriously plunging through two or three hundred yards, our best horses gave out, entirely refusing to make any further effort, and, for a time, we were brought to a

A High, Snow-covered Pass in the Mountains

complete standstill. The guide informed us that we were entering the deep snow, and here began the difficulties of the mountain. To him and almost to all, our enterprise seemed hopeless. I returned to the hollow.

"The camp had been occupied all the day in endeavoring to ascend the hill, but only the best horses had succeeded, the animals generally not having sufficient strength to bring themselves up without the packs. All the line of road between this and the springs below was strewed with camp-stores and equipage, and horses floundering in the snow. To-night we had no shelter, but we made a large fire around the trunk of one of the large pines, and covering the snow with small boughs, on which we spread our blankets, soon made ourselves comfortable. The night was very bright and clear, though the thermometer stood ten degrees above zero. A strong wind, which sprang up at sundown, made it intensely cold, and this was one of the bitterest nights during the journey.

"Two Indians joined our party here, and one of them, an old man, immediately began to harangue us, saying that ourselves and animals would perish in the snow, and that if we would go back, he would show us another and better way across the mountain. We had now begun to understand some words, and with the aid of signs, easily comprehended the old man's simple ideas. 'Rock

upon rock — rock upon rock, — snow upon snow — snow upon snow,' said he. 'Even if you get over the snow, you will not be able to get down from the mountains.' He made us the sign of the precipices, and showed us how the feet of horses would slip, and throw them off from the narrow trails which led along their sides. Our guide, who comprehended better than we did, and believed our situation to be helpless, covered his head with his blanket, and began to weep and lament. The next night was too cold to sleep, and we were up very early. Our guide was standing by the fire with all his finery on. Seeing him shiver with the cold, I threw on his shoulders one of my blankets. We missed him a few minutes afterwards, and never saw him again. He had deserted. His bad faith and treachery were in perfect keeping with my estimate of Indian character.

"While a portion of the camp was occupied in bringing up the baggage to this point, the remainder were busied in making sledges and snow-shoes. I had determined to explore the mountain ahead, and the sledges were to be used in transporting the baggage. The mountains here consist of white granite.

"On February 6, accompanied by Mr. Fitzpatrick, I set out with a scouting party on snow-shoes. We marched all in single file, trampling the snow as heavily as we could. Crossing the open basin, in a march

of about ten miles we reached the top of one of the peaks, to the left of the pass pointed out by the guide.

"Far below us (to the west), dim in the distance, was a large snowless valley, and beyond it on the west, at a distance of a hundred miles, was a low range of mountains, which Carson recognized with delight as the mountains bordering the coast. 'There,' said he, 'is

A Scene in the High Sierra

the little mountain. It is fifteen years ago since I saw it, but I am just as sure as if I had seen it yesterday.'" (They were standing on the summit of the Sierra Nevada.) "Between us, then, and this low coast range was the valley of the Sacramento: and no one not with us for the last few months could realize the delight with which we at last looked down upon it. We were

at a great height above the valley and between us and these plains extended miles of snowy fields and broken ridges of pine-covered mountains. After a day's tramp of twenty miles on snow-shoes we returned to camp very weary.

"All our efforts were now directed to getting our animals across the snow. It was supposed that after all the baggage had been drawn with the sleighs over the trail we had made, it would be hard enough to bear our animals. At several places between this point and the ridge, we had discovered some grassy spots, where the wind and sun had dispersed the snow from the hillsides, and these were to form resting-places to feed the animals for a night in their passage across. On our way across we had set fire to several broken stumps and dried trees, to melt holes in the snow for the camps. Its general depth was five feet; but we passed over places where it was twenty feet deep, as shown by the trees."

For three days they pushed on through deep snows toward the top of the ridge.

February 10 they were 8050 feet above sea-level. "The forest here has a noble appearance. The tall cedar is abundant; its greatest height being 130 feet, and circumference twenty, three or four feet above the ground. Here for the first time was seen the white pine, of which there are some magnificent trees. Hemlock-

spruce also are sometimes found eight feet in diameter, four feet above the ground; but in ascending, they taper rapidly to less than one foot at the height of eighty feet. The white spruce is frequent. The red pine, which forms the beautiful forest along the banks of the Sierra Nevada to the northward, is here the principal tree, not more than 140 feet high, though with a diameter sometimes of ten feet.

"Putting on our snow-shoes, we spent the afternoon in exploring a road ahead. The glare of the snow, combined with great fatigue, had rendered many of the people nearly blind; but we were fortunate in having some black silk handkerchiefs, which, worn as veils, very much relieved the eye.

"On February 11 high wind and snow nearly covered our trail. In the evening I received a message from Mr. Fitzpatrick, telling me of the utter failure of his attempt to get our mules and horses over the snow. They had broken through the half-hidden trail and were plunging about or half buried in the snow. He was trying to get them back to camp, and sent to me for instructions. I wrote to him to send them back to their old pastures, and, after having made mauls and shovels, turn in all the strength of his party to open and beat a road through the snow, strengthening it with branches and boughs of pine.

"February 12 we made mauls, and worked hard at our end of the road all day. We worked down the face of the hill, to meet the people at the other end.

"By February 16 we succeeded in getting our animals safely to the first grassy hills, and I started out with Jacob on a scouting trip. Passing beyond the ridge, a little creek was found, descending toward the Pacific, which was followed till it reached a breadth of twenty feet. I was now perfectly satisfied that we had struck the stream on which Captain Sutter lived. After a hard return march we reached camp at dark and were agreeably surprised with the sight of abundance of salt. Some of the horsemen had gone to a neighboring Indian hut for pine-nuts, and had found a large cake of salt, which the Indians had brought from the other side of the mountain, and now sold to us for goods.

"On the 19th the people were occupied in making a road and bringing up the baggage, and on the afternoon of the next day, February 20, 1844, we encamped, with the animals and all the material of the camp, on the summit of the pass in the dividing ridge, one thousand miles by our travelled road from the Dalles of the Columbia. The people who had not yet been to this point climbed the neighboring peak to enjoy a look into the valley of the Sacramento. The temperature of

boiling water gave, for the elevation of the encampment, 9338 feet above the sea. This was two thousand feet higher than the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains, and some of the peaks in view rose several thousand feet higher. The height of these mountains accounts for the Great Basin, and the system of small lakes and rivers scattered over a flat country, and which the extended and lofty range of the Sierra Nevada prevents from escaping to the Pacific Ocean.

"We now considered ourselves victorious over the mountain; having only the descent before us, and the valley under our eyes, we felt strong hope that we should force our way down. Still deep fields of snow lay between, and there was a large intervening space of rough-looking mountains, through which we had yet to wind our way.

"February 21. Carson roused me this morning with an early fire, and we were all up long before day, in order to pass the snow-fields before the sun should render the crust soft. Passing along a ridge which commanded the lake on our right, we journeyed over open ground and hard-crusted snow-fields which supported the animals, and encamped on the ridge, after a journey of six miles. The grass was better than we had yet seen.

"We had hard and doubtful labor yet before us, as the snow appeared to be heavier when the timber began

further down. Ascending a height, we traced out the best line we could for the next day's march, and had at least the consolation to see that the mountain descended rapidly. We watched the clouds anxiously, fearing a snow-storm. Shortly afterwards we heard the roll of thunder, and, looking toward the valley, found it all enveloped in a thunder-storm. We watched its progress with excited feelings, until nearly sunset, when the sky cleared off brightly, and we saw a shining line of water directing its course toward another, a broader and larger sheet. We knew these could be no other than the Sacramento and the Bay of San Francisco.

"February 22. Our breakfast was over long before day. We took advantage of the coolness of the early morning to get over the snow, which to-day occurred in deep banks among the timber; but we searched out the coolest places, and the animals passed successfully with their loads over the hard crust. Now and then the delay of making a road occasioned much labor and loss of time. In the after part of the day, we saw before us a handsome grassy ridge point; and making a desperate push over a snow-field ten to fifteen feet deep, we happily succeeded in getting the camp across, and encamped on the ridge, after a march of three miles.

"February 23," says Fremont, "was our most difficult day. We were forced off the ridge by the quantity of

snow among the timber, and obliged to take to the mountain sides, where occasionally rocks and a southern exposure afforded us a chance to scramble along. But these were steep, and slippery with snow and ice, and the tough evergreen of the mountain impeded our way, tore our skins, and exhausted our patience. Some of us wore moccasins so smooth and slippery that we could not keep to our feet, and generally crawled across the snow-beds. Axes and mauls were necessary to-day to make a road through the snow.

"Going ahead with Carson to reconnoitre the road, we reached, in the afternoon, a river which makes the outlet of a lake. Carson sprang over, clear across a place where the stream was narrowed among the rocks; but the smooth sole of my moccasin glanced from the icy rock, and threw me into the river. It was some few seconds before I could recover myself in the current, and Carson, thinking me hurt, jumped in after me, and we both had an icy bath. Making a large fire on the bank, after we had partially dried ourselves we went back to meet the camp.

"Believing that the difficulties of the road were passed, and leaving Mr. Fitzpatrick to follow slowly, as the condition of the animals required, I started ahead this morning with a party of eight. We took with us some of the best animals, and my intention was to proceed as rapidly as possible to the house of Mr. Sutter, and

return to meet the party with a supply of provisions and fresh animals.

"Following the river, which pursued a direct westerly course through a narrow valley, with only a very slight and narrow bottom-land, we made twelve miles. On a bench of the hill near by was a field of green grass, six inches high, into which the animals were driven and fed with great delight. Cedars abounded, and we measured one 28½ feet in circumference.

"February 26 we continued to follow the stream, the mountains on either side increasing in height as we descended, and shutting up the river narrowly between precipices, along which we had great difficulty to get our horses.

"We had with us a large kettle, and a mule being killed here, his head was boiled in it for several hours, and made a pleasant soup for famished people.

"Below, precipices on the river forced us to the heights, which we ascended by a steep spur two thousand feet high.

"My favorite horse, Proveau, had become very weak and was scarcely able to bring himself to the top. Travelling here was good, except in crossing the ravines, which were narrow, steep, and frequent. We caught a glimpse of a deer, but could not get near him. We grew very anxious as the day advanced and no grass appeared, for

the lives of the animals depended on finding it that night. Near nightfall we descended into the steep ravine of a handsome creek thirty feet wide, and I was engaged in getting the horses on the opposite hill, when a shout was heard from Carson, who had gone ahead. 'Life yet,' he said, 'yet life; I have found a hillside sprinkled with grass enough for the night.' Three horses were lost this day, two having given out and one strayed off into the woods."

The main party, following, toiled on till the 1st of March, when they began to descend on the western side, coming to a rocky river near which they travelled.

Mr. Preuss was lost for several days but finally found his way back to camp. Some of the men lost their senses because of exposure and anxiety. But as they descended there were good grass and trees and instead of the narrow, rocky bed of the river, the country spread out into a beautiful river valley. The men lived on roots, onions, and flesh of mules and horses.

Mr. Preuss, while lost, had nothing but a pocket-knife with which to dig up the roots of wild onions. Once he discovered a nest of ants, which he ate. Even frogs were sometimes eaten by him to obtain strength; lower down the valley he came to some Indians at their huts, who gave him a good supply of roasted acorns. But he suffered most from the want of tobacco, not being able to smoke a pipe before going to bed.

As the party travelled farther down, the country became surprisingly beautiful and very fine for the pasturage of stock. The river was joined by another branch and together they were sixty to one hundred yards wide. The valley became gay with flowers and some of the banks were absolutely golden with the California poppy. Here also the grass was smooth and green and there were fine groves of large oak trees. Following this river till they reached its junction with the Sacramento, the explorers came upon a large village of Indians, where the people looked clean and wore cotton shirts and various other articles of dress. "They crowded around us, and we had the delight of hearing one who could speak Spanish. Among them was one also who said he was one of Captain Sutter's herdsmen. He led us down the valley till we were met by Captain Sutter himself, who gave us a most frank and cordial welcome. Under his roof we had a night of rest, enjoyment, and refreshment which none but ourselves could appreciate. We told him we had left Mr. Fitzpatrick with part of the men and horses behind in the mountains. The next morning, supplied with fresh horses and provisions, I hurried off to find them. We met them on the river, and a forlorn and pitiable sight they were. They were all on foot, each man weak and emaciated, leading a horse or mule as weak as himself.

"They had experienced great difficulty in descending the mountains, made slippery by rains and melting snows, and many horses fell over precipices and were killed. With some were lost the packs they carried. Among these was a mule with the plants which we had collected since leaving Fort Hall, along a line of two thousand miles travel. Out of sixty-seven horses and mules, with which we commenced crossing the Sierra, only thirty-three reached the valley of the Sacramento, and they only in a condition to be led along. Mr. Fitzpatrick and his party, travelling more slowly, had been able to make some little exertion in hunting and had killed a few deer. This scanty supply was a great relief to them, for several had been made sick by the strange and unwholesome food which the preservation of life compelled them to use."

March 8th the expedition encamped at the junction of the American River and the Sacramento. Near by were the fort and ranch of Captain Sutter, who had come to California from Missouri in 1838–1839.

Here Fremont and his party spent two weeks resting and preparing for the homeward trip. Mules, horses, and cattle were to be collected, the mill was at work day and night to provide flour, the blacksmith's shop was put to use for horseshoes and bridle bits. Pack saddles, ropes, and bridles and all other equipments for the camp had to be provided.

On March 24, with a full supply of provisions, horses, mules, cattle, and even fine milk cows, they started south along the valley of the San Joaquin River, in order to pass around the southern end of the Sierra Nevada and explore the desert and mountain region between southern California and Salt Lake. Afterward they returned by way of the Arkansas, the Kansas, and Missouri to St. Louis.

"During a protracted absence of fourteen months, in the course of which we had necessarily been exposed to great varieties of weather and climate, no one case of serious sickness had ever occurred among us."

CHAPTER IV

DISCOVERY OF GOLD AND TRIP TO CALIFORNIA IN '49

Captain John Sutter had in 1847 a large ranch and fort at the present site of Sacramento in California. He owned large fields of grain, many herds of cattle and horses, and was very hospitable to all Americans coming to California. A flour-mill was needed on his great ranch to grind up the wheat harvested yearly but there was no lumber at hand with which to build it. In the latter part of August, 1847, Captain Sutter and Mr. James Marshall of New Jersey signed an agreement by which a sawmill was to be set to work at Coloma, in a small valley forty-five miles from Sutter's fort, up the Sierra Nevada mountains fifteen hundred feet above the sea. The mountain sides at Coloma were thickly covered with yellow pine, which was to be brought to the mill and sawed into lumber for use at Sutter's fort.

Mr. Marshall, who was a skilful wheelwright, with nine white men and about a dozen Indians, went up the valley of the American River to Coloma to erect this mill. "For four months these men worked at

Coloma, seeing no visitors and seldom going to the fort. The dam was built, a race dug, gates put in place, and the mill about completed. Water was turned into the race to wash out some of the loose dirt and

Sutter's Mill

gravel which was still in it. Then the water was turned off again. On Monday, January 24, Mr. Marshall was walking in the race when on its granite bed-rock he saw some yellow particles and picked up several of them. The largest were about the size of

grains of wheat. They were smooth, bright, and in color much like brass. He went to the mill, where he told the men he had discovered a gold mine. But the men thought little about it or ridiculed the idea. Mr. Marshall hammered his new metal and found it malleable. He put it in the kitchen fire and found that it did not readily melt or become discolored. He compared its color with gold coin, and the more he examined it the more he was convinced that it was gold."[1] The next morning he visited the race again and picked up other particles, in all about a spoonful, and carried it on the crown of his slouch hat to the mill. Soon afterward he started to Sutter's fort to get provisions and show the gold. Captain Sutter had scales and sulphuric acid with which the metal was still further tested and he also came to the conclusion that it was real gold.

For six weeks things went on as usual at the mill, but Mr. Bigler, one of the men, while out hunting deer and other game for the workmen, took pains to examine the sands of the river and found gold in several places. His reports caused others also to look and make discoveries. By April 12 six white men were at work on the American River below Coloma, washing out the sand and gravel in pans and Indian baskets.

[1] *Century*, Vol. XLI, p. 528.

Even in this rude way they were earning about forty-one dollars a day for each man.

About this time also Mr. Humphrey, a gold miner from Georgia, began to work along the river with a rocker, that is, a piece of log hollowed out into which sand with gold dust was shovelled and then rocked back and forth as water was poured into it, thus sepa-

San Francisco in 1847

rating the gold from the sand and gravel. "By the middle of March it was reported in one of the papers of San Francisco, a village of about seven hundred people, that a gold mine had been discovered at Sutter's mill, but the report was at first much doubted. The increasing quantity of gold that was brought in convinced the doubters, and by the middle of June the whole territory sounded with the cry of 'Gold! Gold! Gold!'

"Nearly all the men hurried off to the mines. Workshops, stores, dwellings, wives, and even fields of ripe grain were left for a time to themselves." [1]

The gold was usually found in the sand-bars and banks along the rivers and smaller streams. There was abundance of water in the streams with which to wash the sands and gather the gold dust. When the rainy season of winter set in and the larger sand-bars of the river were flooded, the miners ascended the smaller valleys and washed out the dry sands along their courses. It took no great amount of skill to shake a pan or handle a rocker and the reward in many places was great.

In the latter part of 1848 reports began to reach the Eastern states that gold had been discovered in California. It did not cause much excitement at first, but later in the winter large amounts of gold reached New York and other cities and then great interest was felt through all the older states. People began to prepare for the long journey to California in the spring. Many started overland in wagons, crossing plains and mountains. A line of steamers had been started to carry emigrants from New York to Panama and thence to San Francisco. We will follow one of the parties in its course across the plains and

[1] *Century*, Vol. XLI, p. 531.

mountains from Chicago to San Francisco, in the spring and summer of 1849.

In the early spring of the year 1849 a young man named John Turner, his brother, and another young man decided that they would make the journey from their home near Chicago to the gold mines in California. At that time there were no railroads built west of the city of Chicago, and from the Missouri River to California there was scarcely a town except a small village at Salt Lake recently founded by the Mormons. It was necessary for the young men to make this journey in a covered wagon with horses and such outfit as they could carry with them. They secured a well-built wagon, covered it with a tent, and packed within all those things which would be most useful to them on their long and perilous trip across the great plains and mountains, such as tools, clothing, food, medicines, ammunition, saddles, blankets, and various other articles of necessity and comfort.

The young gold-seekers started in March and made their way across northern Illinois, fording streams because bridges were not yet built and toiling slowly westward to the Mississippi. They had taken some six horses and often camped out for the night. When they reached the Mississippi near Rock Island, they were carried across the stream by a ferry-boat, on to

which the horses and wagons were driven, and which was urged backward and forward by a steam-engine. They passed westward through Iowa, which at that time was a wild prairie region but little inhabited. They crossed the prairies and streams, coming upon many other emigrants with wagons and horses travelling westward with the same purpose of reaching the gold mines in California.

After two or three weeks of travel the party reached the Missouri River and the town of Council Bluffs, which was

An Emigrant Train

at that time the principal outfitting station in the West and a very busy place. Many emigrants from the Middle and Eastern states had collected here and were preparing for the journey across the plains and mountains. The young men remained here for about two weeks and bought such additional supplies as they found they would need for their long journey. Then in company with fifteen other wagons, forming a large caravan, containing

forty-one men in all, they started westward, first descending the Missouri River and crossing it at Plattsmouth into Nebraska. From this point they followed the south shore of the Platte River westward for many miles. The river valley was filled with timber and by keeping near the river they were always well supplied with timber and fuel, with water for the horses, and with good pasturage in the bottom-lands at night. Each evening the party would camp at the edge of the woods and picket out their horses, which in this way were allowed to rest and feed. They were coming now into the country that furnished most excellent hunting. The young men took the best riding horses and rode out on the plains both north and south of the river where they found abundance of buffalo and of deer, while in the woods near the river other wild game was plentiful. The weather was sunny and delightful with the opening springtime and the young men had great pleasure in hunting the wild game on these boundless plains. The trail which they were following led not far from the river, which they occasionally crossed.

Their manner of crossing the river was as follows: From trees bordering the stream logs twenty-five feet in length had been cut and fastened together by cross pieces; grooves were also cut across the logs for the wheels of the wagons. A firm raft twenty-five feet square having been constructed, it was fastened by means of

ropes to stakes driven into the bank of the river. Long ropes were fastened to the two sides of the raft next to the shores, and by means of these the raft with its load was pulled back and forth across the river. On the regular trail or road these rafts were found moored at the crossing-places and were used by the caravans as they came along.

The first emigrant train that crossed the plains in 1841 started at Kansas City and passed northward through Kansas and Nebraska to the Platte. The emigrants thus describe the buffalo region: "As soon as we struck the buffalo country we found a new source of interest. Before we reached the Platte we had seen an abundance of antelope and elk, prairie wolves, and villages of prairie dogs, but only an occasional buffalo. We now began to kill buffaloes for food, and, as was the custom of white hunters, our people began to kill them just to get the tongues and marrow bones, leaving all the rest of the meat on the plains for the wolves to eat. But the Cheyenne Indians who travelled ahead of us several days set us a better example. At their camp we noticed that they took all the meat. Indians were never wasteful of the buffalo except in winter for the sake of the robes, and then only to get whiskey which the traders offered in exchange. There is no better beef in the world than that of the buffalo; it is also very good jerked, that is, cut into strings and thoroughly dried.

"It was an easy matter to kill buffaloes after we got to where they were numerous, by keeping out of sight and to the leeward of them. I think I can truly say that I saw in that region in one day more buffaloes than I have seen of cattle in all my life. I have seen the plain black with them for several days' journey as far as the eye could reach. They seemed to be coming northward from the distant plains to the Platte to get water, and would plunge in and swim across by the thousands. There were so many that they would change the color and taste of the water until it was unfit to drink, but we had to use it.

"One night when we camped on the south fork of the Platte, they came in such droves that we had to sit up, shoot off our guns and make what fires we could to keep them from running over us and trampling us in the dust. We had to go some distance from the camp to turn them, otherwise the buffaloes in front could not turn aside from the pressure of those behind. We could hear them thundering all night long, the ground fairly trembled with the vast approaching herds, and if they had not been turned aside wagons, animals, and emigrants would have been trodden underfoot."[1]

One day, looking toward the low hills which border the river valley, at a distance of several miles the party saw a

[1] *Century*, Vol. XLI, pp. 117, 118.

cloud of dust. Thinking it might be a band of Indians on horseback, the caravan of sixteen wagons, which was strung out on the march, was driven together and formed into a triangle with five or six wagons on each side. On account of the danger from Indians along this part of the trail the white men had previously planned for a quick movement in driving their wagons together and thus forming a sort of barricade. The teams were unhitched and all driven together into the triangular space between the wagons.

In the meantime the cloud of dust came nearer and presently horsemen could be seen. As the troop descended the sloping hills into the valley, they were seen to be a body of Indians on horseback, armed with bows, arrows, and spears, and in war-paint, showing that they were out for a plundering raid against the pioneers. The forty-one men, with loaded rifles, concealed themselves behind and among the wagons and waited to observe what the Indians would do. The warriors rode forward, about two hundred strong, till they were just out of rifle range, where they halted and held a parley. They seemed to be uncertain whether to make an attack upon the caravan of wagons or not. After a brief space of time they mounted their horses again, divided into two troops, and galloped past on each side of the wagons just out of rifle range. Farther on they came together again and then rode off, up the hills and over the prairie, and disappeared. They

had evidently concluded that it was not safe to attack so large a party of riflemen, well barricaded behind wagons. If the party of white men had been smaller, with only one or a few wagons, the Indians would doubtless have attacked and plundered them.

After pursuing their journey westward along the Platte until the central part of the present Nebraska was reached, the caravan found that their horses were growing weak. The extra animals had been driven much in pursuit of the buffalo and on other hunting tours. The draft animals were exhausted by dragging the heavy wagons along the sandy trail. It was found necessary, therefore, to stop and rest. A broad, grassy meadow was selected, the camp was pitched, and for two weeks the animals were allowed to feed on the rich grass and to rest, and so to recover their strength for the still harder journey in prospect. The meat that had been brought into camp was jerked and hung up in the sun to dry. The wagons and harness were repaired and the clothing and foot-gear put into the best condition.

The journey from this point until the Rocky Mountains appeared in sight was still along the river but the grass was growing scanty; only a few cottonwood trees were seen here and there in the river valley. The sky was clear and sunny, as rain seldom falls in this region, and the ground is thinly covered with short buffalo

grass. The hunting-parties now gave way to the steady march. Few animals or birds were seen. The men walked beside their heavy wagons all day, driving their teams or leading the extra animals. The low hills rose in long slopes north and south of the river but beyond was nothing but the great treeless plain.

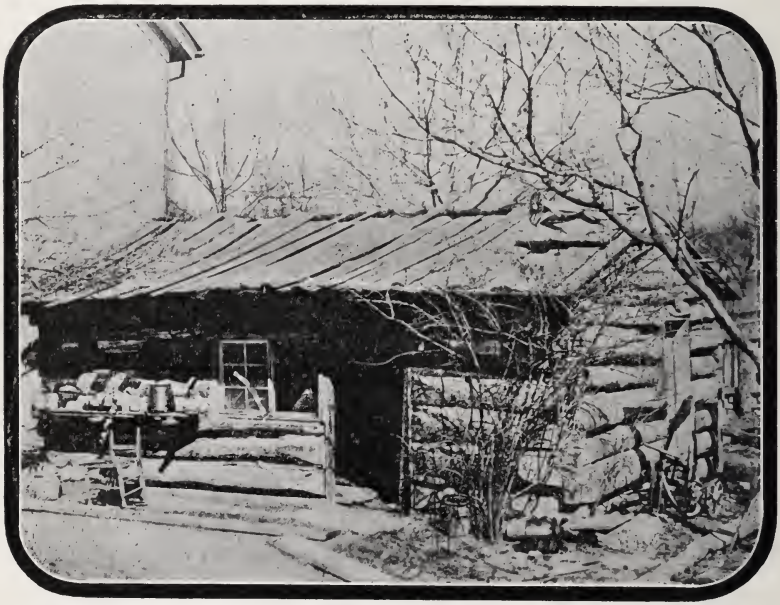
At last the caravan came in sight of the hazy outline of the mountains, looking like low clouds along the west. The air is so clear that they can be seen a hundred miles before reaching them. As the travellers approached the foothills or first low ranges, they could see the scattered evergreens along their sides and the ranges of mountains rising higher and higher to the west, until the snow-covered peaks of the main chain stood at the back. They followed the trail along the north fork of the Platte until the Sweetwater was reached and then pursued the valley of this stream to the South Pass. It is the same pass through which Fremont once went and is about seven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

As the caravan came into the mountains, the party of forty-one men and sixteen wagons had broken up into smaller divisions, as they no longer feared the attack of the Indians. From the South Pass our friends, the Turner boys, with a guide who had travelled the road before, descended the western slope of the moun-

tains to reach some stream tributary to the Green River. The western slope of these mountains is very dreary and desolate. The road led through the alkali region, where there was no vegetation or water. Soon their supply of fresh water gave out and the party travelled most of the day without drink. They camped at night without water for their animals or themselves. Their guide said that by ten o'clock the next morning they would reach a stream. Early in the morning they were pushing along the road toward the much-needed water. They travelled hard until noon, yet nothing but the parched and barren alkali desert was to be seen. The animals began to suffer greatly for lack of water. The men put bullets into their mouths to keep from feeling the thirst. Travelling onward during the afternoon, they came to a rising knoll from which they could look down into a distant valley, and there, four or five miles away, they could see a stream. Men and horses hastened forward and after an hour's suffering reached the river. They rushed eagerly into the stream and drank of the refreshing waters.

Our friends, after following the tributary stream to its outlet, crossed the Green River, and then followed westward the valley of another stream. A trail had been made by previous emigrants to Salt Lake. The road usually lay where more or less grass could be found.

Sometimes the valleys were deep and shadowed by overhanging cliffs. Following one of the streams that flows into Salt Lake, until they reached the inland sea, the travellers kept southward until they came to Salt Lake City, which the Mormons had settled only a few years



The First House in Salt Lake City

before. Here they rested a few days and prepared for the toilsome march across the desert.

Passing along the northern shore of the lake, the wagons came in a few days to the dry and lifeless desert, which was so barren and hard that the trail could scarcely

be seen. The wayfarers were compelled to carry enough water to supply them in the wearisome march across this desolate region. The first emigrants to cross this desert in 1841, the Downer party, used up all their water before they reached the streams in the west. The men and women and children set out on foot to save their lives. Both oxen and wagons were lost, and most of the party walked the remaining distance to California.

The Turner boys had joined another large party or caravan at Salt Lake City, so as to cross this region in company. After passing the desert, they reached the head waters of the Humboldt River, where there were grassy meadows. One night they pitched their camp, and went to rest, leaving three men to guard the camp, and especially the horses, from the thieving Indians who were known to be found on this part of the route. But the three watchers also were very tired and soon fell asleep. While the whole camp lay thus asleep, a party of Snake Indians crept up, loosened the horses, and started off northward toward their homes. Before morning the men awoke to find every animal gone. The Indians not only had three or four hours the start, but were on horseback and could travel faster than the whites.

It was a most difficult situation. But in spite of this several men started rapidly in pursuit. For several days

they followed the trail of the Indians toward the north but were unable to overtake the thieves. A few of the lame or less speedy mules were overtaken and recovered. With these less valuable animals the men returned to camp. It was impossible to haul the heavy wagons with such worn-out mules. It was decided, therefore, to leave the wagons standing on the plains with most of the furniture, tools, provisions, and supplies. The harness was cut up, pack saddles were made, and the most necessary tools, clothing, and provisions were packed on the backs of the mules, and then all the men set out on foot for California, six hundred miles away.

Their road now lay along the waters of the Humboldt River and on its banks they again found grass, water, and game. The river cuts its way through mountain ridges, forming deep valleys, and the streams entering it from both sides come down through deep rocky cañons that are often dry a great part of the year.

Along the shores of this stream were found springs. As the mules one day came to one of these springs and reached down to drink, the bank gave way and a mule with his pack tumbled into the cavity and disappeared from sight. The Humboldt finally sends its waters into the sink of the Humboldt, where they are absorbed into the earth or are evaporated. When the caravan reached this point they found the waters too salty for use;

thereupon they turned northwestward into the valley of the Truckee River.

This valley was rich in grasses and had a wagon road leading over the Sierra Nevada, but as our friends had no wagons they determined to take a shorter trip directly across the great mountain wall. It was still early in the fall and the snows had not yet set in. A zigzag path led up the mountain side, forming a foot-track for men and animals. After winding their way through the foot-hills, the Turner boys started up this zigzag path and in a few days were on the summit of the mountains looking down into the valley of the Sacramento. The trip down the valley of one of the branches of the Sacramento was easier. They were soon among the mining camps, for this was the very region where gold was first discovered. While the Turners had lost their wagons, horses, and whole outfit, so that they had very little to begin with in a new country, still they were more fortunate than many others who had attempted to cross the plains and mountains. Some had been taken sick on the way; others reached the mountains too late to cross into California before winter set in, and were compelled to live upon the eastern slopes in poor huts and with little food, until the spring opened.

During this summer many thousands of emigrants pushed westward over mountains and plains to the gold-fields of California. Others sailed from New York and

other cities of the Atlantic coast to Panama, and crossing the isthmus, travelled by ship to San Francisco. Still others sailed round Cape Horn and reached California by this long route. Before the end of a year about eighty thousand people had reached California. Just before the discovery of gold, as a result of the Mexican War California had

A Rush to the Diggings

become a part of the territory of the United States. As the people thronged into the West, San Francisco quickly became a city of twenty thousand people. Many lawless characters — thieves, roughs, and gamblers — had come with the immigrants and there was a period of lawlessness

and crime. But the better classes of the people quickly organized a government, established order, and applied to the authorities at Washington for the admission of California as a state. It was admitted to the Union in 1850.

The amount of gold obtained in the first few years from the river sands and mines of California was enormous. Many millions of dollars' worth of gold was shipped to the East and increased the amount of money in circulation. People continued to throng into California.

Ten years later, in 1859, rich mines were discovered in Colorado and a great immigration to the vicinity of Pike's Peak began, the city of Denver grew rapidly, and the Rocky Mountain states sprang into existence.

In order to meet the demands of commerce between the East and the Western states, railroad routes were carefully surveyed through the mountains, and after six years of labor at both ends of the line, the first great railroad across the continent, the Union Pacific, was completed in 1869.

CHAPTER V

POWELL'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE GRAND CAÑON

(From Powell's *Journal*, mostly direct quotation, with occasional connecting statements.)

In the summers of 1867 and 1868 Major J. W. Powell[1] explored a number of rivers in western Colorado, which flow westward through deep gorges into the Green.

While among these mountain gorges, Powell became interested in the marvellous stories which the Indians and trappers told of the Colorado River and of deep and dangerous cañons through which the river passes on its way to the sea. The Indians believed it wholly impossible to go through this mighty cañon. Besides dark, deep gorges full of plunging falls and rock-strewn rapids, it passes, they said, underground through dismal caverns which no human beings could traverse.

In the spring of 1869 Major Powell collected a small party of hardy explorers for the purpose of going down through the Grand Cañon in boats.

For this journey into unknown dangers Powell made

[1] Major Powell was a one-armed man, a fact which must have added much to his difficulties on this adventurous journey.

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such preparations as his knowledge of river cañons in this region would suggest. Four stout boats were built according to his directions, in Chicago, and were shipped by rail-

road to the point on the Green River where it is crossed by the Union Pacific railroad, in the southwestern part of Wyoming. Three of the boats were built of oak, double-ribbed, with double stem and stern posts, and with water-tight bulkheads dividing each one into three parts. Two of these parts in each boat were decked, forming water-tight cabins, so that the boats could be turned upside down in the water without sinking. Each of these three boats was twenty-one feet long and when empty could be carried by four men. The fourth boat was built of pine, sixteen feet in length and light, with a sharp prow for swift rowing, and was divided into water-tight parts like the others.

The party consisted of eleven men and they took provisions for a journey of ten months. An abundant supply of clothing, blankets, powder and firearms, two or three dozen traps for animals, axes, arrows, saws, and other tools, besides nails and screws, two sextants, four chronometers, barometers, thermometers, compasses, and other instruments, — these made up a part of the cargo. Flour, meat, coffee, and other articles of food were carefully stowed in the boats. One part of each kind of food was stowed in each boat, together with an axe, hammer, saw, auger, and other tools. In this way, if one boat was lost, only a part of each kind of goods would perish. The boats were, then, heavily loaded.

On the 24th of May, 1869, the whole party pushed out

into the stream at Green River City, where the good people of the town turned out to see them start.

The first three or four days they glided quietly down the river, past occasional cliffs and rocky shores, till they came to Flaming Gorge, sixty-two miles from their starting-point and at the entrance of the cañon which the river cuts through the Uinta Mountains, a range about sixty miles wide. The entrance to this cañon, known as the Flaming Gorge on account of the bright vermilion rocks, is formed by steep walls about twelve hundred feet high, which rise higher as one pushes farther into the cañon. After passing through this entrance, the river makes a sudden turn and the water plunges swiftly down among great rocks. Soon the boats reached the swift current and dashed down through the narrow channels. As the boats plunged into the troughs the men were soaked with the water dashing over them. They were skilful oarsmen, and by a strong stroke, on this side or that, kept their boats from striking the rocks. After this exciting plunge through the rapids they came out safe into the smooth water below, and felt a great relief, for they had run the first rapids.

Soon after this the river turned to the east about a rounded dome of rock in whose sides little cells had been carved by the action of the water. In these pits, which covered the face of the dome, hundreds of swallows had

built their nests. As they flitted about the cliffs they looked like a swarm of bees, giving to the whole the appearance of a colossal old-fashioned beehive, so the voyagers named the rock Beehive Point.

June 1. To-day we have an exciting ride. The river rolls down the cañon at a wonderful rate, and with no rocks in the way we make almost railroad speed. Here and there the water rushes into a narrow gorge. The rocks on the side roll it into the centre into great waves, and the boats go leaping and bounding over these like things of life. The waves break over the boats, so that they must often be bailed out. Last spring, in conversation with an old Indian, he told me of one of his tribe who attempted to run this cañon. "The rocks," he said, holding his hands above his head, his arms vertical, and looking between them to the heavens, "the rocks h-e-a-p high; the water go h-oo-wough, h-oo-wough; water-pony [boat] h-e-a-p buck; water catch 'em, no see 'em Injun any more! no see 'em squaw any more! no see 'em pappoose any more!"

At last we come to calm water, and a threatening roar is heard in the distance. Slowly approaching the point whence the sound comes, we tie up just above the falls on the left. Here we are compelled to make a portage. Unloading the boats, and fastening a long line to the bow, and another to the stern, of the smaller one, we

moor her close to the brink of the fall. Then the bow line is taken below, and made fast; the stern line is held by five or six men, who let the boat down as long as they can hold her against the rushing waters; then one end of the line is dropped and it runs through the ring; the boat leaps over the fall, and is caught by the lower rope.

June 2. This morning we make a trail among the rocks, transport the cargoes to a point below the falls, let the remaining boats over, and are ready to start before noon.

June 3. Near the lower end of what we call the Red Cañon is a little park, where streams come down from the distant mountains and enter the river on either side. Here we camp for the night under two stately pines. On the morning of June 3d we spread our rations, clothes, etc., on the ground to dry, as everything has been soaked by the water dashing over the boats. Several of the men go out for a hunt. The little valleys above are beautiful parks, and among them are tall pine forests. Here the mule-deer and elk abound. Grizzly bears, too, wild-cats, wolverines, and mountain lions are at home. The forests are filled with the music of the birds and decked with flowers, and high in the distance are seen the snow-fields on the mountain sides. I take a walk of five or six miles up to a pine grove park, its grassy carpet bedecked with crimson velvet flowers, set in groups on the stems of pear-shaped cactus plants.

June 9. We come to a place in the cañon of Lodore where it is necessary to make a portage. Just above the falls or rapids the water descends with a smooth unruffled surface from the broad quiet stream above into the narrow angry channel below, by a semicircular sag. We must avoid this deceptive place. I walk along the bank to examine the ground. One of the boats makes the shore all right, but a minute after I hear a shout and see another shooting down the centre of the sag. The boat is called the *No Name*, with Captain Howland, his brother, and Goodman. I see that she must go over the rapids, and scramble along the rocks to follow her course. The first fall is not great, only ten or twelve feet, but below the river tumbles down again forty or fifty feet in a channel filled with dangerous rocks that break the waves into whirlpools and beat them into foam. I pass around a high crag just in time to see the boat strike a great rock, and, bounding back, tip up and fill the open part with water. Two of the men lose their oars. The boat swings around and is carried down at a rapid rate, broadside on, for a few yards, and strikes amidships on another rock with great force, where it is broken quite in two and the men are thrown into the river. The larger part of the boat floats lightly, and they soon seize it and drift down the river past the rocks for a few hundred yards to a second rapid. This is filled

with huge boulders upon which the boat strikes again and is dashed to pieces, and the men and fragments are soon carried beyond my sight. Running along and turning a bend, I see a man's head above water in a whirlpool below a great rock. It is Frank Goodman, clinging to the rock with all his might. Opposite to him is Howland, upon an island, trying to come to his aid. He soon gets near enough to reach Frank with a pole. Frank lets go of the rock, grasps the pole, and is pulled ashore. Howland's brother is washed farther down the island and is caught by some rocks, and though somewhat bruised, manages to get ashore in safety.

Disaster Falls

And now the three men are on an island, with a swift, dangerous river on either side, and a fall below. The *Emma Dean* is soon brought down, and Sumner, starting above as far as possible, pushes out. Right skilfully he plies the oars, and a few strokes set him on the island at the proper point. Then they all pull

the boat up-stream as far as they are able, until they stand in water up to their necks. One sits on a rock and holds the boat until the others are ready to pull, then gives the boat a push, clings to it with his hands, and climbs in as they pull for the mainland, which they reach in safety. We are as glad to shake hands with them as though they had been on a voyage around the world and wrecked on a distant coast.

Down the river half a mile we find that the after cabin of the wrecked boat, with a part of the bottom, ragged and splintered, has floated against a rock and stranded. There are valuable articles in the cabin; but, on examination, we determine that life should not be risked to save them. Of course, the cargo of rations, instruments, and clothing is gone. We return to the boats and make camp for the night. No sleep comes to me in all those dark hours. The rations, instruments, and clothing had been divided among the boats, anticipating such an accident as this; and we started with duplicates of everything that was deemed necessary to success. But, in the distribution, there was one exception to this precaution, and the barometers were all placed in one boat, and they are lost. There is a possibility that they are in the cabin lodged against a rock, for that is where they were kept. But, then, how to reach them! The river is rising. Will they be there

to-morrow? Can I go out to Salt Lake City and obtain barometers from New York?

Now we come back to our work at the portage. We find that it is necessary to carry our rations over the rocks for nearly a mile, and let our boats down with lines, except at a few points, where they also must be carried.

Between the river and the eastern wall of the cañon there is an immense talus of broken rocks. These have tumbled down from the cliffs above, and constitute a vast pile of high angular fragments. On these we build a path for a quarter of a mile to a small sand beach covered with driftwood, through which we clear a way for several hundred yards, then continue the trail on over another pile of rocks, nearly half a mile farther down, to a little bay. The greater part of the day is spent in this work. Then we carry our cargoes down to the beach and camp for the night.

While the men are building the camp-fire, we discover an iron bake oven, several tin plates, a part of a boat, and many other fragments, which denote that this is the place where Ashley's party was wrecked.

On this day Sumner and Dean volunteered to take the little boat and recover the barometers. They start, reach the wreck, and out come the barometers. And now the boys raise a shout and I join them. They rescued

also a package of thermometers, and a three-gallon keg of whiskey.

June 11. This day is spent in carrying our rations down to the bay — no small task to climb over the rocks with sacks of flour and bacon. We carry them by stages of about five hundred yards each, and when night comes, and the last sack is on the beach, we are tired, bruised, and glad to sleep.

June 12. To-day we take the boats down to the bay. While at this work, we discover three sacks of flour from the wrecked boat, that have lodged in the rocks. We carry them above high-water mark, and leave them, as our cargoes are already too heavy for the three remaining boats. We also find two or three oars, which we place with them. As Ashley and his party were wrecked here, and we lost one of our boats at the same place, we adopt the name "Disaster Falls" for the scene of so much peril and loss.

(Having passed several falls, on the third day after this Powell and his men come to the head of a rapid where the river tumbles for half a mile, with a descent of a hundred feet, in a channel beset with a great number of huge boulders. The remainder of the day was occupied in making a trail among the rocks to the foot of the rapid.)

June 16. Our first work this morning is to carry

our cargoes to the foot of the falls. Then we commence letting down the boats. We take two of them in safety, but not without great difficulty; for, where such a vast body of water, rolling down an inclined plane, is broken into eddies and cross currents by rocks projecting from the cliffs and by piles of boulders in the channel, it requires excessive labor and much care to prevent their being dashed against the rocks or breaking away. Sometimes we are compelled to hold the boat against a rock, above a chute, until a second line, attached to the stem, is carried to some point below; and, when all is ready, the first line is detached, and the boat given to the current, when she shoots down, and the men below swing her into some eddy.

At such a place we are letting down the last boat, and, as she is set free, a wave turns her broadside down the stream. They haul on the line to bring the boat in, but the power of the current, striking obliquely against her, shoots her out into the middle of the river. The men have their hands burned with the friction of the passing line; the boat breaks away, and speeds, with great velocity, down the stream.

The *Maid of the Cañon* is lost, so it seems; but she drifts some distance and swings into an eddy, in which she spins about until we arrive with the small boat and rescue her.

Late in the afternoon we make a short run to the mouth of another little creek, coming down from the left into an alcove filled with luxuriant vegetation. Here camp is made with a group of cedars on one side, and a dense mass of box-elders and dead willows on the other.

I go up to explore the alcove. While away a whirlwind comes, scattering the fire among the dead willows and cedar spray, and soon there is a conflagration. The men rush for the boats, leaving all they cannot readily seize at the moment, and even then they have their clothing burned and hair singed, and Bradley has his ears scorched. The cook fills his arms with the mess-kit, and, jumping into a boat, stumbles and falls, and away go our cooking utensils into the river. Our plates are gone; our spoons are gone; our knives and forks are gone. "Water catch 'em; heap catch 'em."

When on the boats, the men are compelled to cut loose, as the flames, running out on the overhanging willows, are scorching them. Loose on the stream, they must go down, for the water is too swift to make headway against it. Just below is a rapid filled with rocks. On they shoot, no channel explored, no signal to guide them. Just at this juncture, I chance to see them, but have not yet discovered the fire, and the strange movements of the men fill me with astonishment. Down the

rocks I clamber and run to the bank. When I arrive they have landed. Then we all go back to the late camp to see if anything left behind can be saved. Some of the clothing and bedding taken out of the boats is found, also a few tin cups, basins, and a camp kettle, and this is all the mess-kit we now have. Yet we do just as well as ever.

During the afternoon Bradley and I climb some cliffs to the north. Mountain sheep are seen above us, and they stand out on the rocks, and eye us intently, not seeming to move. Their color is much like that of the gray sandstone beneath them, and, immovable as they are, they appear like carved forms. Now a fine ram beats the rock with his fore foot, and, wheeling around, they all bound away together, leaping over rocks and chasms, and climbing walls where no man can follow, and this with an ease and gracefulness most wonderful. At night we return to our camp under the box-elders by the river-side. Here we are to spend two or three days, making a series of astronomic observations for latitude and longitude.

We are now at the mouth of the Yampa River, and after exploring this region for a few days we embark again, June 21. We float around the long rock which we call "Echo Rock," and enter another cañon. The walls are steep and the cañon narrow, while the river fills the whole

space below, so that there is no landing-place at the foot of the cliffs. The Green, greatly increased by the Yampa, fills the narrow channel, and its swift current is set eddying and spinning in whirlpools by the projecting rocks and short bends of the river. Our boats are difficult to manage and spin about from side to side. Not being able to keep them headed down the stream, we are much alarmed, but we soon get used to it, and there is but little danger. Soon a cataract is heard below, and we begin to pull against the whirling current. The smallest boat, the *Emma Dean*, is brought up against a cliff about fifty feet above the brink of the fall. By using the oars vigorously she is kept from floating over the fall. I find a horizontal crevice in the rock about ten feet above the water and a little below us. We let the boat down to this point, and one of the men climbs into this crevice. We toss him a line, which he makes fast among the rocks, and now our boat is tied up. I follow him into the crevice, and we crawl along fifty feet or more up the stream, and find a broken place where we can climb about fifty feet higher. Here we stand on a shelf which reaches along the stream to a point above the falls, where it is broken down and a pile of rocks lies at its foot, where we can descend to the river. With great difficulty the two larger boats are brought close to the smaller one. Now, by passing a line up on the shelf, the boats can be

let down to the broken rocks below. This done, we make a short portage, and our troubles for the present are over. At night we camp at the mouth of a small creek, which affords us a good supper of trout. After much discussion by the camp-fire, it is decided to call the cañon through which we have just passed with so much difficulty "Whirlpool Cañon."

June 23. We remain in camp to-day on a wooded island, where our boats are repaired, since they have had many hard knocks and are leaking. Two of the men, with a barometer, climb the cliff at the foot of Whirlpool Cañon to measure the walls. Another man goes on the mountain to hunt, while Bradley and I study the rocks and collect fossils. Late in the afternoon the hunter returns and brings a fat deer, so we give his name to the mountain ("Mount Hawkins"). The next day Bradley and I climb this mountain, which is nearly three thousand feet above the camp. From its top we can see the course of the river as it turns to the southeast and cuts into the centre of the mountain, then, turning to the southwest, it splits the mountain ridge for a distance of six miles, nearly to its foot. From the point where we stand we can see the gorge below, and name it the "Split Mountain Cañon," through which we must make our next journey. Passing on through a series of gorges and cañons, we come, June 28, to the mouth of the Uinta River, and

about two miles below this to the mouth of the White River.

Here the party spent several days, making observations for latitude and longitude, in a journey of forty miles up the Uinta River to a reservation of the Uinta Indians, and also in collecting some articles illustrating Indian customs and mode of life.

Returning to the Green River, they start, July 6, to make the journey from the mouth of the Uinta to the mouth of the Grand.

July 11. A short distance below camp we run into a rapid, and, in doing so, break an oar and lose another; so the small boat has but two oars left. We see nothing from which oars can be made, and run on to some point where the forests on the plateau furnish suitable timber for new oars. We soon approach another rapid. Standing on deck, I think it can be run, but on coming nearer I see at its foot a short turn to the left, where the waters pile up against the cliff. We try to land, but the water is too swift to reach the shore with our two oars, so the bow of the boat is turned down the stream. We shoot by a big rock; a reflex wave rolls over our little boat and fills her. The place is dangerous, and the other boats are signalled to land above. Then another wave rolls our boat over but swimming is easy. It is only necessary to ply strokes sufficient to keep my head out of water,

though now and then, when a breaker rolls over me, I close my mouth and am carried through it. The boat is drifting twenty or thirty feet ahead of me, and, when the great waves are passed, I overtake it, and find Sumner and Dunn clinging to its sides. Reaching quiet water, we all swim to one side and turn the boat over, but Dunn loses his hold and goes over. When he comes up he is caught by Sumner and pulled to the boat. In the meantime we have drifted down the stream some distance and see another rapid below. How bad it may be we cannot tell, so we swim toward the shore, pulling our boat with us with all the vigor possible, but are carried down much faster than distance toward shore is gained. At length we reach a huge pile of driftwood. Our rolls of blankets, two guns, and a barometer were in the open part of the boat when it went over, and these were thrown out. The guns and barometer were lost, but I succeeded in catching one of the rolls of blankets as it was floating by. The other two were lost. A huge fire is built on the bank, our clothing is spread to dry, and then from the drift logs we select one from which oars can be made, and the remainder of the day is spent in sawing them out.

July 12. This morning the new oars are finished and we start once more. We pass several bad rapids, making a short portage at one, and before noon come to a long, bad fall, where the channel is filled with rocks on the left,

turning the waters to the right, where they pass under an overhanging rock. On examination, we determine to run it, keeping as close to the left-hand rocks as safety will permit, in order to avoid the overhanging cliff. The little boat runs over all right; another follows, but the men are not able to keep her near enough to the left bank, and she is carried, by a swift chute, into great waves to the right, where she is tossed about, and Bradley is knocked over the side; but his foot catching under the seat, he is dragged along in the water, with his head down; making great exertion, he seizes the gunwale with his left hand, and can lift his head above water now and then. To us who are below, it seems impossible to keep the boat from going under the overhanging cliff; but Powell, for the moment heedless of Bradley's mishap, pulls with all his power for half a dozen strokes, when the danger is past; then he seizes Bradley and pulls him in. The men in the boat above, seeing this, land, and let it down by lines. Just here we emerge from the Cañon of Desolation, as we have named it, into a more open country, which extends for a distance of nearly a mile, when we enter another cañon, cut through gray sandstone.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we meet with a new difficulty. The river fills the entire channel; the walls are vertical on either side, from the water's edge, and a bad rapid is beset with rocks. We come to the

head of it, and land on a rock in the stream; the little boat is let down to another rock below, the men of the larger boat holding to the line; the second boat is let down in the same way, and the line of the third boat is brought with them. Now, the third boat pushes out from the upper rock, and as we have her line below, we pull in and catch her, as she is sweeping by at the foot of the rock on which we stand. Again the first boat is let down-stream the full length of her line, and the second boat is passed down by the first to the extent of her line, which is held by the men in the first boat; so she is two lines' length from where she started. Then the third boat is let down past the second, and still down, nearly to the length of her line, so that she is fast to the second boat, and swinging down three lines' length, with the other two boats intervening. Held in this way, the men are able to pull her into a cove, in the left wall, where she is made fast. But this leaves a man on the rock above, holding to the line of the little boat. When all is ready, he springs from the rock, clinging to the line with one hand, and swimming with the other, and we pull him in as he goes by. As the two boats, thus loosened, drift down, the men in the cove pull us all in, as we come opposite; then we pass around to a point of rock below the cove, close to the wall, land, and make a short portage over the worst places in the rapid, and start again.

July 15. Our camp is in a great bend of the cañon. The perimeter of the curve is to the west, and we are on the east side of the river. Just opposite, a little stream comes down through a narrow side cañon. We cross and go up to explore it. Just at its mouth, another lateral cañon enters, in the angle between the former and the main cañon above. Still another enters in the angle between the cañon below and the side cañon first mentioned, so that three side cañons enter at the same point. These cañons are very tortuous, almost closed in from view, and seen from the opposite side of the river, they appear like three alcoves; and we name this "Trin-Alcove Bend."

Going up the little stream, in the central cove, we pass between high walls of sandstone, and wind about in glens. Springs gush from the rocks at the foot of the walls; narrow passages in the rocks are threaded, caves are entered, and many side cañons are observed.

The right cove is a narrow, winding gorge, with overhanging walls, almost shutting out the light.

The left is an amphitheatre, turning spirally up, with overhanging shelves. A series of basins, filled with water, is seen at different altitudes, as we pass up; huge rocks are piled below on the right, and overhead there is an arched ceiling. After exploring these alcoves, we recross the river, and climb the rounded rocks on the point of the bend. In every direction, as far as we are able to see,

naked rocks appear. Buttes are scattered on the landscape, here rounded into cones, there buttressed, columned, and carved in quaint shapes, with deep alcoves and sunken recesses. All about us are basins, excavated in the soft sandstones; and these have been filled by the late rains.

We continue our journey. In many places the walls, which rise from the water's edge, are overhanging on either side. The stream is still quiet, and we glide along through a strange, weird, grand region. The landscape everywhere, away from the river, is of rock — cliffs of rock, tables of rock, plateaus of rock, terraces of rock, crags of rock — ten thousand strangely carved forms. Rocks everywhere, and no vegetation, no soil, no sand. In long gentle curves, the river winds about these rocks.

When speaking of these rocks, we must not conceive of piles of boulders, or heaps of fragments, but a whole land of naked rock, with giant forms carved on it; cathedral-shaped buttes, towering hundreds or thousands of feet; cliffs that cannot be scaled, and cañon walls that shrink the river into insignificance, with vast, hollow domes, and tall pinnacles, and shafts set on the verge overhead, and all highly colored — buff, gray, red, brown, and chocolate; never lichened, never moss-covered, but bare, and often polished.

Late in the afternoon, the water becomes swift, and our boats make great speed. An hour of this rapid

running brings us to the junction of the Grand and Green, the foot of "Stillwater Cañon," as we named it.

These streams unite in solemn depths, more than twelve hundred feet below the general surface of the country. The walls of the lower end of Stillwater Cañon are very beautifully curved, as the river sweeps in its meandering course. The lower end of the cañon through which the Grand comes down is also regular, but much more direct, and we look up this stream, and out into the country beyond, and obtain glimpses of snow-clad peaks, the summits of a group of mountains known as the Sierra La Sal. Down the Colorado the cañon walls are much broken.

We row around into the Grand, and camp on its northwest bank; and here we propose to stay several days, for the purpose of determining the latitude and longitude, and the altitude of the walls. Much of the night is spent in making observations with the sextant.

July 18. The day is spent in spreading our rations, which, we find, are badly injured. The flour has been wet and dried so many times that it is all musty, and full of hard lumps. We make a sieve of mosquito netting, and run our flour through it, losing more than two hundred pounds by the process. Our losses, by the wrecking of the *No Name* and by various mishaps since, together with the amount thrown away to-day,

leave us little more than two months' supplies, and, to make them last thus long, we must be fortunate enough to lose no more.

We drag our boats on shore, and turn them over to recalk and pitch them, and Sumner is engaged in repairing barometers. While we are here for a day or two, resting, we propose to put everything in the best shape for a vigorous campaign.

July 22. This morning, we continue our journey, though short of oars. There is no timber growing on the walls within our reach, and no driftwood along the banks, so we are compelled to go on until something suitable can be found. A mile and three-quarters below we find a huge pile of driftwood, among which are some cottonwood logs. From these we select one which we think the best, and the men are set at work sawing oars. Our boats are leaking again from the strains received in the bad rapids yesterday, so, after dinner, they are turned over, and some of the men are engaged in calking them.

Captain Powell and I go out to climb the wall to the east, for we can see dwarf pines above, and it is our purpose to collect the resin which oozes from them, to use in pitching our boats. We take a barometer with us, and find that the walls are becoming higher, for now they register an altitude, above the river, of nearly fifteen hundred feet.

Our way, after dinner, is through a gorge, grand beyond description. The walls are nearly vertical; the river broad and swift, but free from rocks and falls. From the edge of the water to the brink of the cliffs it is sixteen hundred to eighteen hundred feet. At this great depth the river rolls in solemn majesty. The cliffs are reflected from the more quiet river, and we seem to be in the depths of the earth, and yet can look down into the waters that reflect a bottomless abyss. We arrive, early in the afternoon, at the head of more rapids and falls, but, wearied with past work, we determine to rest, so go into camp, and the afternoon and evening are spent by the men in discussing the probabilities of successfully navigating the river below. The barometric records are examined, to see what descent has been made since we left the Pacific Railroad, and what fall there yet must be to the river, ere we reach the end of the great cañons. The conclusion at which the men arrive seems to be this: that there are great descents yet to be made, but if they are distributed in rapids and short falls, as they have been heretofore, we will be able to overcome them. But maybe we shall come to a fall in these cañons which we cannot pass, where the walls rise from the water's edge, so that we cannot land, and where the water is so swift that we cannot return. Such places have been

found, except that the falls were not so great but that we could run them with safety. How will it be in the future? So we speculate over the serious probabilities in jesting mood, and I hear Sumner remark, "My idea is, we had better go slow, and learn to paddle."

July 26. High-water mark can be observed forty, fifty, sixty, or a hundred feet above its present stage. Sometimes logs and driftwood are seen wedged into the crevices overhead, where floods have carried them.

July 27. Late in the afternoon we pass to the left, around a sharp point, which is somewhat broken down near the foot, and discover a flock of mountain sheep on the rocks, more than a hundred feet above us. We quickly land in a cove, out of sight, and away go all the hunters with their guns, for the sheep have not discovered us. Soon, we hear firing, and those of us who have remained in the boats climb up to see what success the hunters have had. One sheep has been killed, and two of the men are still pursuing them. In a few minutes we hear firing again, and the next moment down come the flock, clattering over the rocks, within twenty yards of us. One of the hunters seizes his gun, and brings a second sheep down, and the next minute the remainder of the flock is lost behind the rocks. We all give chase; but it is impossible to follow their tracks over the naked rock, and we see them no more. Where

they went out of this rock-walled cañon is a mystery, for we can see no way of escape. Doubtless, if we could spare the time for the search, we could find some gulch up which they ran.

We lash our prizes to the deck of one of the boats, and go on for a short distance; but fresh meat is too tempting for us, and we stop early to have a feast. And a feast it is, — two fine, young sheep. We care not for bread, or beans, or dried apples to-night; coffee and mutton is all we ask.

August 7. The almanac tells us that we are to have an eclipse of the sun to-day, so Captain Powell and myself start early, taking our instruments with us to take observations of the eclipse, to determine the latitude and longitude. After four hours of hard climbing we reach a height of twenty-three hundred feet above the river, but the clouds come on, the rain falls, and the sun and moon are obscured. Much disappointed, we start upon our return to camp, but it is late, and the clouds make the night very dark. For two or three hours we feel our way down among the rocks. At last we get lost and cannot proceed. In the darkness we dare not move about, but sit and wear out the night. Daylight comes after a long, long night, and we soon reach camp. After breakfast we start again and make two portages during the forenoon. The limestone is

often polished and makes a beautiful marble. Sometimes the rocks are of many colors, white, gray, pink, and purple with saffron tints. And now the scenery is on a grand scale. The walls of the cañon, twenty-five hundred feet high, are of many-colored marbles, often polished by the waves far up the sides, where showers have washed the sands over the cliffs.

August 10. The walls are still higher. We pass several ragged cañons on our right, and up through these we catch glimpses of a forest-clad plateau miles away to the west. At two o'clock we reach the mouth of the Little Colorado. This stream enters the cañon on a scale quite as grand as that of the Colorado itself. It is a very small river and exceedingly muddy and salt.

August 12. We spend a day at the junction of these two rivers, and I climb to an altitude of nearly two thousand feet to get a glimpse of the three great cañons which meet at this point.

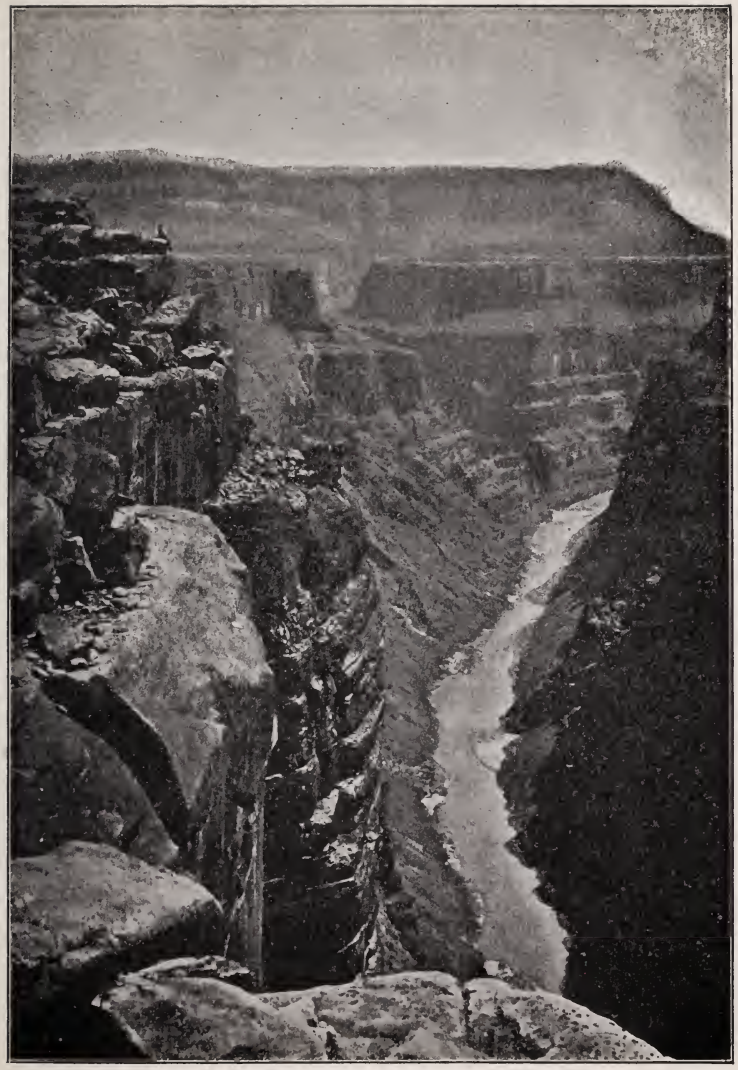
I can see far up the Marble Cañon, also up the cañon of the Little Colorado, which is very ragged and broken. We find from the barometer that these cañons are about three thousand feet deep.

Since leaving the mouth of the Grand River we have travelled more than two hundred and fifty miles through a series of great cañons, but a still deeper and grander cañon lies unexplored before us.

August 13. We are now ready to start on our way down the Great Unknown. Our boats, tied to a common stake, are chafing each other, as they are tossed by the fretful river. They ride high and buoyant, for their loads are lighter than we could desire. We have but a month's rations remaining. The flour has been resifted through the mosquito net sieve; the spoiled bacon has been dried and the worst of it boiled; the few pounds of dried apples have been spread in the sun and reshrunken to their normal bulk; the sugar has all melted, and gone on its way down the river; but we have a large sack of coffee. The lighting of the boats has this advantage: they will ride the waves better, and we shall have but little to carry when we make a portage.

We are three-quarters of a mile in the depths of the earth, and the great river shrinks into insignificance, as it dashes its angry waves against the walls and cliffs that rise to the world above; they are but puny ripples, and we but pigmies, running up and down the sands or lost among the boulders.

We have an unknown distance yet to run; an unknown river yet to explore. What falls there are, we know not; what rocks beset the channel, we know not; what walls rise over the river, we know not. Ah, well! we may conjecture many things. The men talk as cheerfully as ever, jests are bandied about freely



The Colorado Cañon

this morning; but to me the cheer is sombre and the jests are ghastly.

August 14. At daybreak we walk down the bank of the river, on a little sandy beach, to take a view of a new feature in the cañon. Heretofore hard rocks have given us bad river; soft rocks, smooth water; and a series of rocks harder than any we have experienced sets in. The river enters the granite! We can see but a little way into the granite gorge, but it looks threatening.

After breakfast we enter on the waves. At the very introduction, it inspires awe. The cañon is narrower than we have ever before seen it, the water is swifter, there are but few broken rocks in the channel; but the walls are set, on either side, with pinnacles and crags; and sharp angular buttresses, bristling with wind-and-wave polished spires, extend far out into the river.

Ledges of rocks jut into the stream, their tops sometimes just below the surface, sometimes rising few or many feet above; and island ledges and island pinnacles and island towers break the swift course of the stream into chutes and eddies and whirlpools. We soon reach a place where a creek comes in from the left, and just below the channel is choked with boulders, which have washed down this lateral cañon and formed a dam, over which there is a fall of thirty or forty feet; but on the boulders we can get foothold, and we make a portage.

Three more such dams are found. Over one we make a portage; at the other two we find chutes, through which we can run.

As we proceed, the granite rises higher, until nearly a thousand feet of the lower part of the walls are composed of this rock.

About eleven o'clock we hear a great roar ahead, and approach it very cautiously. The sound grows louder and louder as we run, and at last we find ourselves above a long, broken fall, with ledges and pinnacles of rock obstructing the river. There is a descent of, perhaps, seventy-five or eighty feet in a third of a mile, and the rushing waters break into great waves on the rocks, and lash themselves into a mad, white foam. We can land just above, but there is no foothold on either side by which we can make a portage. It is nearly a thousand feet to the top of the granite, so it will be impossible to carry our boats around, though we can climb to the summit up a side gulch, and, passing along a mile or two, can descend to the river. This we find on examination; but such a portage would be impracticable for us, and we must run the rapid or abandon the river. There is no hesitation. We step into our boats, push off and away we go, first on smooth but swift water, then we strike a glassy wave, and ride to its top, down again into the trough, up again on a higher wave, and down and up on

waves higher and still higher, until we strike one just as it curls back, and a breaker rolls over our little boat. Still, on we speed, shooting past projecting rocks, till the little boat is caught in a whirlpool, and spun around several times. At last we pull out again into the stream, and now the other boats have passed us. The open compartment of the *Emma Dean* is filled with water, and every breaker rolls over us. Hurled back from a rock, now on this side, now on that, we are carried into an eddy, in which we struggle for a few minutes, and are then out again, the breakers still rolling over us. Our boat is unmanageable, but she cannot sink, and we drift down another hundred yards, through breakers; how, we scarcely know. We find the other boats have turned into an eddy at the foot of the fall, and are waiting to catch us as we come, for the men have seen that our boat is swamped. They push out as we come near, and pull us in against the wall. We bail our boat, and on we go again.

The walls, now, are more than a mile in height — a vertical distance difficult to appreciate. Stand on the south steps of the Treasury building in Washington, and look down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol Park, and measure this distance overhead, and imagine cliffs to extend to that altitude, and you will understand what I mean; or stand at Canal Street in New

York, and look up Broadway to Grace Church, and you will have about the distance; or stand at Lake Street bridge in Chicago, and look down to the Central Depot, and you have it again. A thousand feet of this is up through granite crags, then steep slopes and perpendicular cliffs rise, one above another, to the summit. The gorge is black and narrow below, red and gray and flaring above, with crags and angular projections on the walls, which, cut in many places by side cañons, seem to be a vast wilderness of rocks. Down in these grand gloomy depths we glide, ever listening, for the mad waters keep up their roar; ever watching, ever peering ahead, for the narrow cañon is winding, and the river is closed in so that we can see but a few hundred yards, and what there may be below we know not; but we listen for falls and watch for rocks, or stop now and then, in the bay of a recess, to admire the gigantic scenery. And ever, as we go, there is some new pinnacle or tower, some crag or peak, some distant view of the upper plateau, some strange-shaped rock, or some deep, narrow side cañon. Then we come to another broken fall, which appears more difficult than the one we ran this morning.

It is not easy to describe the labor of such navigation. We must prevent the waves from dashing the boats against the cliffs. Sometimes, where the river is

swift, we must put a bight of rope about a rock, to prevent her being snatched from us by a wave; but where the plunge is too great, or the chute too swift, we must let her leap, and catch her below, or the undertow will drag her under the falling water, and she sinks. Where we wish to run her out a little way from the shore, through a channel between rocks, we first throw in little sticks of driftwood, and watch their course, to see where we must steer, so that she will pass the channel in safety. And so we hold, and let go, and pull, and lift, and ward, among rocks, around rocks, and over rocks.

And now we go on through this solemn, mysterious way. The river is very deep, the cañon very narrow and still obstructed, so that there is no steady flow of the stream; but the waters wheel and roll and boil, and we are scarcely able to determine where we can go. Now, the boat is carried to the right, perhaps close to the wall; again, she is shot into the stream, and perhaps is dragged over to the other side, where, caught in a whirlpool, she spins about. We can neither land nor run as we please. The boats are entirely unmanageable; no order in their running can be preserved; now one, now another is ahead, each crew laboring for its own preservation. In such a place we come to another rapid. Two of the boats run it perforce.

It rains! Rapidly little rills are formed above, and these soon grow into brooks, and the brooks grow into creeks, and tumble over the walls in innumerable cascades, adding their wild music to the roar of the river. When the rain ceases, the rills, brooks, and creeks run dry. The waters that fall, during a rain, on these steep rocks, are gathered at once into the river; they could scarcely be poured in more suddenly, if some vast spout ran from the clouds to the stream itself. When a storm bursts over the cañon, a side gulch is dangerous, for a sudden flood may come, and the inpouring waters will raise the river so as to hide the rocks before your eyes. Early in the afternoon we discover a stream entering from the north, a clear, beautiful creek, coming down through a gorgeous red cañon. We land and camp on a sandbeach, above its mouth, under a great, overspreading tree, with willow-shaped leaves.

August 16. We must dry our rations again to-day, and make oars.

The Colorado is never a clear stream, but for the past three or four days it has been raining much of the time, and the floods which are poured over the walls have brought down great quantities of mud, making it exceedingly turbid now. The little affluent which we have discovered here is a clear, beautiful

creek, or river as it would be termed in this western country, where streams are not abundant. We have named one stream, away above, in honor of the great chief of the "Bad Angels," and as this is in beautiful contrast to that, we conclude to name it "Bright Angel."

August 17. Our rations are still spoiling; the bacon is so badly injured that we are compelled to throw it away. By an accident, this morning, the saleratus is lost overboard. We have now only musty flour sufficient for ten days, a few dried apples, but plenty of coffee. We must make all haste possible. If we meet with difficulties, as we have done in the cañon above, we may be compelled to give up the expedition, and try to reach the Mormon settlements to the north. Our hopes are that the worst places are passed; but our barometers are all so much injured as to be useless, so we have lost our reckoning in altitude, and know not how much descent the river has yet to make.

The stream is still wild and rapid, and rolls through a narrow channel. We make but slow progress, often landing against a wall, and climbing around some point, where we can see the river below. Although very anxious to advance, we are determined to run with great caution, lest by another accident we lose

all our supplies. How precious that little flour has become! We divide it among the boats, and carefully store it away, so that it can be lost only by the loss of the boat itself.

We make ten miles and a half, and camp among the rocks, on the right. We have had rain, from time to time, all day, and have been thoroughly drenched and chilled; but between showers the sun shines with great power, and the mercury in our thermometers stands at 115°, so that we have rapid changes from great extremes, which are very disagreeable. It is especially cold in the rain to-night. The little canvas we have is rotten and useless; the rubber ponchos, with which we started from Green River City, have all been lost; more than half the party is without hats, and not one of us has an entire suit of clothes, and we have not a blanket apiece. So we gather driftwood, and build a fire; but after supper the rain, coming down in torrents, extinguishes it, and we sit up all night on the rocks, shivering, and are more exhausted by the night's discomfort than by the day's toil.

August 19. Rain again this morning. Still we are in our granite prison, and the time is occupied until noon in making a long bad portage.

After dinner, in running a rapid the pioneer boat is upset by a wave. We are some distance in advance of

the larger boats, the river is rough and swift, and we are unable to land, but cling to the boat, and are carried down-stream, over another rapid. The men in the boats above see our trouble, but they are caught in whirlpools and are spinning about in eddies, and it seems a long time before they come to our relief. At last they do come; our boat is turned right side up and bailed out; the oars, which fortunately have floated along in company with us, are gathered up, and on we go, without even landing.

Soon after the accident the clouds break away, and we have sunshine again.

Soon we find a little beach, with just room enough to land. Here we camp, but there is no wood. Across the river, and a little way above, we see some driftwood lodged in the rocks. So we bring two boat-loads over, build a huge fire, and spread everything to dry. It is the first cheerful night we have had for a week, — a warm, drying fire in the midst of the camp, and a few bright stars in our patch of heavens overhead.

The river is still rapid, and we stop to let down with lines several times, but make greater progress, as we run ten miles. We camp on the right bank. Here, on a terrace of trap, we discover another group of ruins. There was evidently quite a village on this rock. Again we find mealing stones, and much broken pottery; and up in a little natural shelf in the rock, back of the ruins, we

find a globular basket, that would hold perhaps a third of a bushel. It is badly broken, and as I attempt to take it up, it falls to pieces. There are many beautiful flint chips, as if this had been the home of an old arrow-maker.

Below, the river turns again to the right, the cañon is very narrow, and we see in advance but a short distance. The water, too, is very swift, and there is no landing-place. From around this curve there comes a mad roar, and down we are carried with a dizzy velocity to the head of another rapid. On either side, high over our heads, there are overhanging granite walls, and the sharp bends cut off our view, so that a few minutes will carry us into unknown waters. Away we go, on one long, winding chute. I stand on deck, supporting myself with a strap, fastened on either side to the gunwale, and the boat glides rapidly, where the water is smooth, or, striking a wave, she leaps and bounds like a thing of life, and we have a wild exhilarating ride for ten miles, which we make in less than an hour. The excitement is so great that we forget the danger until we hear the roar of a great fall below; then we back on our oars, and are carried slowly toward its head, and succeed in landing just above, and find that we have to make another portage. At this we are engaged until some time after dinner. Just here we run out of the granite.

Ten miles in less than half a day, and limestone walls below. Good cheer returns; we forget the storms and the gloom, and cloud-covered cañons, and the black granite, and the raging river, and push our boats from shore in great glee.

Since we left the Colorado Chiquito, we have seen no evidences that the tribe of Indians inhabiting the plateaus on either side ever come down to the river; but about eleven o'clock to-day we discover an Indian garden at the foot of the wall on the right, just where a little stream, with a narrow flood plain, comes down through a side cañon. Along the valley, the Indians have planted corn, using the water which bursts out in springs at the foot of the cliff for irrigation. The corn is looking well, but is not sufficiently advanced to give us roasting ears; but there are some nice green squashes. We carry ten or a dozen of these on board our boats, and hurriedly leave, not willing to be caught in the robbing, yet excusing ourselves by pleading our want. We run down a short distance, to where we feel certain no Indians can follow; and what a kettle of squash sauce we make! True, we have no salt with which to season it, but it makes a fine addition to our unleavened bread and coffee. Never was fruit so sweet as these stolen squashes.

After dinner we push on again, making fine time, finding many rapids, but none so bad that we cannot run

them with safety; and when we stop, just at dusk, and foot up our reckoning, we find we have run thirty-five miles again.

What a supper we make, — unleavened bread, green squash sauce, and strong coffee. We have been for a few days on half-rations, but we have no stint of roast squash.

About eleven o'clock we come to a place in the river where it seems much worse than any we have yet met in all its course. A little creek comes down from the left. We land first on the right, and clamber up over the granite pinnacles for a mile or two, but can see no way by which we can let down, and to run it would be sure destruction. After dinner we cross to examine it on the left. High above the river we can walk along on the granite, which is broken off at the edge, and set with crags and pinnacles, so that it is very difficult to get a view of the river at all.

Still another hour is spent in examining the river from this side, but no good view of it is obtained, so now we return to the side that was first examined, and the afternoon is spent in clambering among the crags and pinnacles, and carefully scanning the river again. We find that the lateral streams have washed boulders into the river, so as to form a dam, over which the water makes a broken fall of eighteen or twenty feet; then there is a rapid, beset with rocks, for two or three hundred yards,

while on the other side points of the wall project into the river. Then there is a second fall below; how great, we cannot tell. Then there is a rapid, filled with huge rocks, for one or two hundred yards. At the bottom of it, from the right wall a great rock projects quite halfway across the river. It has a sloping surface extending up-stream, and the water, coming down with all the momentum gained in the falls and rapids above, rolls up this inclined plane many feet, and tumbles over to the left. I decide that it is possible to let down over the first fall, then run near the right cliff to a point just above the second, where we can pull out into a little chute, and, having run over that in safety, we must pull with all our power across the stream, to avoid the great rock below. On my return to the boat, I announce to the men that we are to run it in the morning. Then we cross the river, and go into camp for the night on some rocks, in the mouth of the little side cañon.

After supper Captain Howland asks to have a talk with me. We walk up the creek a short distance, and I soon find that his object is to remonstrate against my determination to proceed. He thinks that we had better abandon the river here. Talking with him I learn that his brother, William Dunn, and himself have determined to go no farther in the boats. So we return to camp. Nothing is said to the other men.

For two days our course has not been plotted. I sit down now to find out where we are by dead reckoning. It is a clear night and I take out the sextant to make an observation for latitude, and I find that my observation on the planet agrees very nearly with the plot. In a direct line we must be about forty-five miles from the mouth of the Rio Virgin. This means probably eighty or ninety miles by the winding course of the river. Twenty miles up the Rio Virgin are settlements. But we know that the Grand Cañon ends many miles above the mouth of the Rio Virgin. I wake Howland and show him my map and conclusions.

The men sleep, but I pace up and down the sandy beach of the river. Is it wise to go on? The river seems to bend to the south and enter the granite walls again. I am not sure that we can climb out of the cañon here, and above on the plateau is a desert, and it is seventy-five miles to the nearest Mormon town. For years I have been thinking of this trip, and now to leave the exploration unfinished when it is already almost completed — this is more than I am willing to do, and I determine to go on. I wake my brother and tell him of Howland's determination, and he promises to stay with me; then I call up Hawkins, the cook, and he makes a like promise; then Sumner, Bradley, and Hall, and they all agree to go on.

August 28. At last daylight comes, and we have breakfast without a word being said about the future. The meal is as solemn as a funeral. After breakfast I ask the three men if they still think it best to leave us. The elder Howland thinks it is, and Dunn agrees with him. The younger Howland tries to persuade them to go on with the party, failing in which, he decides to go with his brother.

We decide to abandon the smaller boat, as it is much disabled and because of loss of hands. Two rifles and a shotgun are given to the men who are going out. I ask them to help themselves to the rations and take what they think to be a fair share. This they refuse, saying they have no fear but that they can get something to eat; but Billy, the cook, has a pan of biscuit prepared for dinner and these he leaves on a rock.

We leave our barometers, fossils, minerals, and some ammunition on the rocks, so as to go over this place as light as possible. The three men help us lift our boats over a rock twenty or thirty feet high, and let them down again over the first fall; and now we are ready for the start. The last thing before leaving, I write a letter to my wife and give it to Howland. The records of the expedition have been kept in duplicate. One set of these is given to Howland, and now we are ready. For the last time they entreat us not to go, and tell us that

it is madness; that the river turns again into the granite; that a few miles of such falls and rapids will exhaust our provisions, and then it will be too late to climb out. Some tears are shed; it is rather a solemn parting. Each party thinks the other is taking the dangerous course.

The *Maid of the Cañon* pushes out. We glide rapidly along the foot of the wall, just grazing one great rock, then pull out a little into the chute of the second fall, and plunge over it. The open compartment is filled when we strike the first wave-blow, but we cut through it, and then the men pull with all their power toward the left wall, and swing clear of the dangerous rock below all right. We are scarcely a minute in running it, and find that, although it looked bad above, we have passed many places that were worse.

The other boat follows without more difficulty. We land at the first practicable point below and fire our guns, as a signal to the men above that we have come over in safety. Here we remain a couple of hours, hoping that they will take the smaller boat and follow us. We are behind a curve in the cañon, and cannot see up to where we left them, and so we wait until their coming seems hopeless, and push on.

And now we have a succession of rapids and falls until

noon, all of which we run in safety. Just after dinner we come to another bad place. A little stream comes in from the left, and below there is a fall, and still below another fall. Above, the river tumbles down, over and among the rocks, in whirlpools and great waves, and the waters are lashed into mad, white foam. We run along the left, above this, and soon see that we cannot get down on this side, but it seems possible to let down on the other. We pull up-stream again, for two or three hundred yards, and cross. Now there is a bed of basalt on this northern side of the cañon, with a bold escarpment, that seems to be a hundred feet high. We can climb it, and walk along its summit to a point where we are just at the head of the fall. Here the basalt is broken down again, so it seems to us, and I direct the men to take a line to the top of the cliff, and let the boats down along the wall. One man remains in the boat, to keep her clear of the rocks, and prevent her line from being caught on the projecting angles. I climb the cliff, and pass along to a point just over the fall, and descend by broken rocks, and find that the break of the fall is above the break of the wall, so that we cannot land; and that still below the river is very bad, and that there is no possibility of a portage. Without waiting further to examine and determine what shall be done, I hasten back to the top of the cliff, to stop the boats from coming down.

When I arrive, I find the men have let one of them down to the head of the fall. She is in swift water, and they are not able to pull her back; nor are they able to go on with the line, as it is not long enough to reach the higher part of the cliff, which is just before them; so they take a bight around a crag. I send two men back for the other line. The boat is in very swift water, and Bradley is standing in the open compartment, holding out his oar to prevent her from striking against the foot of the cliff. Now she shoots out into the stream, and up as far as the line will permit, and then, wheeling, drives headlong against the rock, then out and back again, now straining on the line, now striking against the rock. As soon as the second line is brought, we pass it down to him; but his attention is all taken up with his own situation, and he does not see that we are passing the line to him. I stand on a projecting rock, waving my hat to gain his attention, for my voice is drowned by the roaring of the falls. Just at this moment I see him take his knife from its sheath, and step forward to cut the line. He has evidently decided that it is better to go over with the boat as it is, than to wait for her to be broken to pieces. As he leans over, the boat sheers again into the stream, the stern-post breaks away, and she is loose. With perfect composure Bradley seizes the great scull oar, places it in the stern rowlock, and pulls with all his power (and he is

an athlete) to turn the bow of the boat down-stream, for he wishes to go bow down, rather than to drift broadside on. One, two, strokes he makes, and a third just as she goes over, and the boat is fairly turned, and she goes down almost beyond our sight, though we are more than a hundred feet above the river. Then she comes up again, on a great wave, and down and up, then around behind some great rocks, and is lost in the mad, white foam below. We stand frozen with fear, for we see no boat. Bradley is gone, so it seems. But now, away below, we see something coming out of the waves. It is evidently a boat. A moment more, and we see Bradley standing on deck, swinging his hat to show that he is all right. But he is in a whirlpool. We have the stern-post of his boat attached to the line. How badly she may be disabled we know not. I direct Sumner and Powell to pass along the cliff, and see if they can reach him from below. Rhodes, Hall, and myself run to the other boat, jump aboard, push out, and away we go over the falls. A wave rolls over us, and our boat is unmanageable. Another great wave strikes us, the boat rolls over, and tumbles and tosses, I know not how. All I know is that Bradley is picking us up. We soon have all right again, and row to the cliff, and wait until Sumner and Powell can come. After a difficult climb they reach us. We run two or three miles

farther, and turn again to the northwest, continuing until night, when we have run out of the granite once more.

August 29. We start very early this morning. The river still continues swift, but we have no serious difficulty, and at twelve o'clock emerge from the Grand Cañon of the Colorado!

Something like this are the feelings we experience to-night. Ever before us has been an unknown danger, heavier than immediate peril. Every waking hour passed in the Grand Cañon has been one of toil. We have watched with deep solicitude the steady disappearance of our scant supply of rations, and from time to time have seen the river snatch a portion of the little left, while we were ahungered. And danger and toil were endured in those gloomy depths, where ofttimes the clouds hid the sky by day, and but a narrow zone of stars could be seen at night. Only during the few hours of deep sleep, consequent on hard labor, has the roar of the waters been hushed. Now the danger is over, now the toil has ceased, now the gloom has disappeared, now the firmament is bounded only by the horizon; and what a vast expanse of constellations can be seen!

The river rolls by us in silent majesty; the quiet of the camp is sweet; our joy is almost ecstasy. We

sit till long after midnight, talking of the Grand Cañon, talking of home, but chiefly talking of the three men who left us. Are they wandering in those depths, unable to find a way out? Are they searching over the desert lands above the water? Or are they nearing the settlements?[1]

Near the mouth of the Rio Virgin, Powell's party came to settlements where they were kindly received and their wants supplied. From here they travelled overland to Salt Lake and thence returned by railroad to Washington.

[1] Later it was learned that they made their way out of the cañon in safety, but were afterward killed by the Indians.

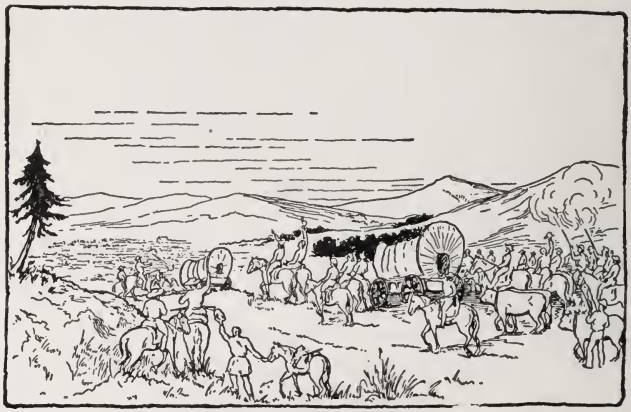
CHAPTER VI

PARKMAN'S LIFE IN A VILLAGE OF SIOUX INDIANS

During the summer of 1846 Francis Parkman, with two or three companions, passed up the Missouri River in a steamboat from St. Louis to Kansas, and there securing horses, crossed through Kansas and Nebraska to Fort Laramie in Wyoming. They spent the summer partly at the fort and partly among the wandering Indian tribes which roved over the plains and foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. The following description of his life in an Ogallalla village is taken with very slight changes from Parkman's "California and Oregon Trail." This Ogallalla village belonged to the great tribe of the Sioux, or Dakota Indians.

Having been living for several weeks among one of the wildest of the wild hordes that roam over the remote prairies, I had extraordinary opportunities of observing these Indians; and I flatter myself that a faithful picture of the scenes that passed daily before my eyes may not be devoid of interest and value. These men were thorough savages. Neither their manners nor their ideas

were in the slightest degree modified by contact with civilization. They knew nothing of the power and real character of the white men, and their children would scream in terror at the sight of me. Their religion, their superstitions, and their prejudices were the same that had been handed down to them from the most ancient times. They fought with the same weapons that



The Oregon Trail

their fathers fought with, and wore the same rude garments of skins.

As Raymond and I discovered the village from the gap in the hills we were seen in our turn; keen eyes were constantly on the watch. As we rode down upon the plain the side of the village nearest us was darkened with a crowd of naked figures gathering around the

An Indian Encampment

lodges. Several men came forward to meet us. I could distinguish among them the green blanket of the Frenchman, Reynal. When we came up the ceremony of shaking hands had to be gone through with in due form, and then all were eager to know what had become of the rest of my party. I satisfied them on this point, and we all moved forward together toward the village.

"You've missed it," said Reynal; "if you'd been here day before yesterday, you'd have found the whole prairie over yonder black with buffalo as far as you could see. There were no cows, though; nothing but bulls. We made a 'surround' every day until yesterday. See the village there; don't that look like good living?"

In fact I could see, even at that distance, that long cords were stretched from lodge to lodge, over which the meat, cut by the squaws into thin sheets, was hanging in the sun to dry.

"What chiefs are there in the village now?" said I.

"Well," said Reynal, "there's old Red Water, and the Eagle Feather, and the Big Crow, and the Mad Wolf and the Panther, and the White Shield, and — what's his name? — the half-breed Cheyenne."

Just then we passed between two of the lodges, and entered the great area of the village. Superb naked figures stood silently gazing on us.

"There's the Big Crow's lodge yonder, next to old

Red Water's. He's a good Indian for the whites, and I advise you to go and live with him."

"Are there many squaws and children in his lodge?" said I.

"No; only one squaw and two or three children. He keeps the rest in a separate lodge by themselves."

So, still followed by a crowd of Indians, Raymond and I rode up to the entrance of the Big Crow's lodge. A squaw came out immediately and took our horses. I put aside the leather flap that covered the low opening, and stooping, entered the Big Crow's dwelling. There I could see the big chief in the dim light, seated at one side on a pile of buffalo robes. He greeted me with a guttural "How, cola!" I requested Reynal to tell him that Raymond and I were come to live with him. The Big Crow gave another low exclamation. If the reader thinks that we are intruding somewhat cavalierly, I beg him to observe that every Indian in the village would have deemed himself honored that white men should give such preference to his hospitality.

The squaw spread a buffalo robe for us in the guest's place at the head of the lodge. Our saddles were brought in, and scarcely were we seated upon them before the place was thronged with Indians, who came crowding in to see us. The Big Crow produced his

pipe and filled it with the mixture of tobacco and shongsassha, or red willow bark. Round and round it passed, and a lively conversation went forward. Meanwhile a squaw placed before the two guests a wooden bowl of boiled buffalo meat, but unhappily this was not the only banquet destined to be inflicted on us. Rapidly, one after another, boys and young squaws thrust their heads in at the opening, to invite us to various feasts in different parts of the village. For half an hour or more we were actively engaged in passing from lodge to lodge, tasting in each the bowl of meat set before us, and inhaling a whiff or two from our entertainer's pipe. A thunderstorm that had been threatening for some time now began in good earnest. We crossed over to Reynal's lodge, though it hardly deserved this name, for it consisted only of a few old buffalo robes supported on poles, and was quite open on one side. Here we sat down and the Indians gathered round us.

"What is it," said I, "that makes the thunder?"

"It's my belief," said Reynal, "that it is a big stone rolling over the sky."

"Very likely," I replied; "but I want to know what the Indians think about it."

So he interpreted to the Indians my question, which seemed to produce some doubt and debate. There was evidently a difference of opinion. At last old Mene-Seela,

or Red Water, who sat by himself at one side, looked up with his withered face, and said he had always known what the thunder was. It was a great black bird; and once he had seen it, in a dream, swooping down from the Black Hills, with its loud roaring wings; and when it flapped them over a lake, they struck lightning from the water.

"The thunder is bad," said another old man, who sat muffled in his buffalo robe; "he killed my brother last summer."

Reynal, at my request, asked for an explanation; but the old man remained doggedly silent, and would not look up. Some time after I learned how the accident occurred. The man who was killed belonged to an association which, among other mystic functions, claimed the exclusive power and privilege of fighting the thunder. Whenever a storm which they wished to avert was threatening, the thunder-fighters would take their bows and arrows, their guns, their magic drum, and a sort of whistle made out of the wing bone of the war eagle. Thus equipped, they would run out and fire at the rising cloud, whooping, yelling, whistling, and beating their drum, to frighten it down again. One afternoon a heavy black cloud was coming up, and they repaired to the top of a hill, where they brought all their magic artillery into play against it. But the undaunted thunder, refus-

ing to be terrified, kept moving straight onward, and darted out a bright flash which struck one of the party dead, as he was in the very act of shaking his long iron-pointed lance against it. The rest scattered and ran, yelling in an ecstasy of terror, back to their lodges.

The lodge of my host Kongra Tonga, or Big Crow, presented a picturesque spectacle that evening. A score or more of Indians were seated around in a circle, their dark, naked forms just visible by the dull light of the smouldering fire in the centre, the pipe glowing brightly in the gloom as it passed from hand to hand round the lodge. Then a squaw would drop a piece of buffalo-fat on the dull embers. Instantly a bright glancing flame would leap up, darting its clear light to the very apex of the tall conical structure, where the tops of the slender poles that supported its covering of leather were gathered together. It gilded the features of the Indians, as with animated gestures they sat round it, telling their endless stories of war and hunting. It displayed rude garments of skins that hung around the lodge; the bow, quiver, and lance suspended over the resting-place of the chief, and the rifles and powder-horns of the two white guests. For a moment all would be as bright as day; then the flames would die away, and fitful flashes from the embers would illumine the lodge, and then leave it in darkness. Then

all the light would wholly fade, and the lodge and all within it would again be hidden in darkness.

As I left the lodge next morning, I was saluted by howling and yelping from all sides of the village, and half its canine population rushed forth to the attack. Being as cowardly as they were noisy, they kept jumping around me at the distance of a few yards, only one little cur, about ten inches long, having spirit enough to make a direct assault. He dashed bravely at the leather tassel which in the Dakota fashion was trailing behind the heel of my moccasin, and kept his hold, growling and snarling all the while, though every step I made almost jerked him over on his back. As I knew that the eyes of the whole village were on the watch to see if I showed any signs of fear, I walked forward without looking to the right or left, surrounded wherever I went by this magic circle of dogs. When I came to Reynal's lodge I sat down by it, on which the dogs dispersed growling to their respective quarters. Only one large white one remained, who kept running about before me and showing his teeth. I called him, but he only growled the more. I looked at him well. He was fat and sleek, just such a dog as I wanted. "My friend," thought I, "you shall pay for this! I shall have you eaten this very morning!"

I intended that day to give the Indians a feast, by way

of giving a favorable impression of my character and dignity; and a white dog is the dish which the customs of the Dakotas prescribe for all occasions of formality and importance. I consulted Reynal; he soon discovered that an old woman in the next lodge was owner of the white dog. I took a gaudy cotton handkerchief, and laying it on the ground, arranged some vermilion, beads, and other trinkets upon it. Then the old squaw was summoned. I pointed to the dog and to the handkerchief. She gave a scream of delight, snatched up the prize, and vanished with it into her lodge. For a few more trifles I engaged the services of two other squaws, who having killed the white dog, threw him into a fire to singe; they chopped him up and put him into two large kettles to boil. Meanwhile I told Raymond to fry in buffalo-fat what little flour we had left, and also to make a kettle of tea as an additional item of the repast.

The Big Crow's squaw was briskly at work sweeping out the lodge for the approaching festivity. I confided to my host himself the task of inviting the guests.

When feasting is in question, one hour of the day serves an Indian as well as another. My entertainment came off about eleven o'clock. At that hour, Reynal and Raymond walked across the area of the village to the admiration of the inhabitants, carrying the two kettles of dog-meat slung on a pole between them. These they

placed in the centre of the lodge, and then went back for the bread and the tea. Meanwhile I had put on a pair of brilliant moccasins, and substituted for my old buckskin frock a coat which I had brought with me in view of such public occasions. I also made careful use of the razor, an operation which no man will neglect who desires to gain the good opinion of Indians. Thus attired, I seated myself between Reynal and Raymond at the head of the lodge. Only a few minutes elapsed before all the guests had come in and were seated on the ground, wedged together in a close circle around the lodge. Each brought with him a wooden bowl to hold his share of the repast. When all were assembled, two of the Indians came forward with ladles made of horn of the Rocky Mountain sheep, and began to distribute the feast, always giving a double share to the old men and the chiefs. The dog vanished with astonishing celerity, and each guest turned his dish bottom upward to show that all was gone. Then the bread was distributed in its turn, and finally the tea. As the Indians poured it out into the same wooden bowls that had served for the substantial part of the meal, I thought it had a particularly curious and uninviting color.

"Oh!" said Reynal, "there was not tea enough, so I stirred some soot in the kettle, to make it look strong."

Fortunately an Indian's palate is not very discriminating. The tea was well sweetened, and that was all they cared for.

Now the former part of the entertainment being concluded, the time for speech-making was come. The Big Crow produced a flat piece of wood on which he cut up the tobacco and shongsassha, and mixed them in due proportions. The pipes were filled and passed from hand to hand around the company. Then I began my speech, each sentence interpreted by Reynal as I went on, and echoed by the whole audience with the usual exclamations of assent and approval. As nearly as I can recollect, it was as follows:—

I had come, I told them, from a country so far distant, that at the rate they travel, they could not reach it in a year.

"How! how!"

"There the Meneaska (white men) were more numerous than the blades of grass on the prairie. The squaws were far more beautiful than any they had ever seen, and all the men were brave warriors."

"How! how! how!"

Here I was assailed by sharp twinges of conscience, for I fancied I could perceive a fragrance of perfumery in the air, and a vision rose before me of white kid gloves and silken mustaches with the mild and gentle

THE INTERIOR OF A SIOUX LODGE

countenances of numerous fair-haired young men. But I recovered myself and began again.

"While I was living in the Meneaska lodges, I had heard of the Ogallalla, how great and brave a nation they were, how they loved the whites, and how well they could hunt the buffalo and strike their enemies. I resolved to come and see if all that I heard was true."

"How! how! how! how!"

"As I had come on horseback through the mountains, I had been able to bring them only a very few presents."

"How!"

"But I had brought enough tobacco to give them all a small piece. They might smoke it, and see how much better it was than the tobacco which they got from the traders."

"How! how! how!"

"I had plenty of powder, lead, knives, and tobacco at Fort Laramie. These I was anxious to give to them, and if any of them should come to the fort before I went away, I would make them handsome presents."

"How! how! how! how!"

Raymond then cut up and distributed among them two or three pounds of tobacco, and old Mene-Seela began to make reply. It was quite long, but the following was the pith of it: —

"He had always loved the whites. They were the wisest people on earth. He believed they could do everything, and he was always glad when any of them came to live in the Ogallalla lodges. It was true I had not made them many presents, but the reason of it was plain. It was clear that I liked them, or I never should have come so far to find their village."

Several other speeches of similar import followed, and then, this more serious matter being disposed of, there was an interval of smoking, laughing, and conversation; but old Mene-Seela suddenly interrupted it with a loud voice.

"Now is a good time," he said, "when all the old men and chiefs are here together, to decide what the people shall do. We came over the mountain to make our lodges for next year. Our old ones are good for nothing; they are rotten and worn out. But we have been disappointed. We have killed buffalo bulls enough, but we have found no herds of cows, and the skins of the bulls are too thick and heavy for our squaws to make lodges of. There must be plenty of cows about the Medicine-Bow Mountain. We ought to go there. To be sure, it is farther westward than we have ever been before, and perhaps the Snakes will attack us, for these hunting-grounds belong to them. But we must have new lodges at any rate; our old ones will not serve us another year. We ought not

to be afraid of the Snakes. Our warriors are brave, and they are all ready for war. Besides, we have three white men with their rifles to help us."

I could not help thinking that the old man relied a little too much on the aid of allies, one of whom was a coward, another a blockhead, and the third an invalid. This speech produced a good deal of debate. As Reynal did not interpret what was said, I could only judge of the meaning by the features and gestures of the speakers. At the end of it, however, the greater number seemed to have fallen in with Mene-Seela's opinion. A short silence followed, and then the old man struck up a discordant chant, which I was told was a song of thanks for the entertainment I had given them.

"Now," said he, "let us go and give the white men a chance to breathe."

So the company all dispersed into the open air, and for some time the old chief was walking round the village, singing his song in praise of the feast, after the usual custom of the nation.

At last the day drew to a close, and as the sun went down the horses came trooping from the surrounding plains to be picketed before the dwellings of their respective masters. Soon within the great circle of lodges appeared another smaller circle of restless horses; and

here and there fires were glowing and flickering amid the gloom on the dusky figures around them. I went over and sat by the lodge of Reynal. The Eagle Feather, who was a son of Mene-Seela, and brother of my host, the Big Crow, was seated there already, and I asked him if the village would move in the morning. He shook his head and said that nobody could tell, for since old Mahto-Tatonka had died, the people had been like children that did not know their own minds. They were no better than a body without a head. So I, as well as the Indians themselves, fell asleep that night without knowing whether we should set out in the morning toward the country of the Snakes.

At daybreak, however, as I was coming up from the river after my morning's bath, I saw that a movement was contemplated. Some of the lodges were reduced to nothing but bare skeletons of poles; the leather covering of others was flapping in the wind as the squaws were pulling it off. One or two chiefs of note had resolved, it seemed, on moving; and so, having set their squaws at work, the example was followed by the rest of the village. One by one the lodges were sinking down in rapid succession, and where the great circle of the village had been only a moment before, nothing now remained but a ring of horses and Indians, crowded in confusion together. The ruins of the lodges were spread over the ground,

together with kettles, stone mallets, great ladles of horn, buffalo robes, and cases of painted hide filled with dried meat. Squaws bustled about in their busy preparations, the old hags screaming to one another at the stretch of their leather lungs. The shaggy horses were patiently standing while the lodge-poles were lashed to their sides, and the baggage piled upon their backs. The dogs, with their tongues lolling out, lay lazily panting, and waiting for the time of departure. Each warrior sat on the ground by the decaying embers of his fire, unmoved amid all the confusion, while he held in his hand the long trail-rope of his horse.

As their preparations were completed, each family moved off the ground. The crowd was rapidly melting away. I could see them crossing the river, and passing in quick succession along the profile of the hill on the farther bank. When all were gone I mounted and set out after them, followed by Raymond, and as we gained the summit the whole village came in view at once, straggling away for a mile or more over the barren plains before us. Everywhere the iron points of lances were glittering. The sun never shone upon a more strange array. Here were the heavy-laden pack-horses, some wretched old women leading them, and two or three children clinging to their backs. Here were mules or ponies covered from head to tail

with gaudy trappings, and mounted by some gay young squaw, grinning bashfulness and pleasure as the Meneaska looked at her. Boys with miniature bows and arrows were wandering over the plains, little naked children were running along on foot, and numberless dogs were scampering among the feet of the horses. The young braves, gaudy in paint and feathers, were riding in groups among the crowd, and often galloping, two or three along the line, to try the speed of their horses. Here and there you might see a rank of sturdy pedestrians stalking along in their white buffalo robes. These were the dignitaries of the village, the old men and warriors, to whose age and experience that wandering democracy yielded a silent deference. With the rough prairie and the broken hills for its background, the restless scene was striking and picturesque beyond description.

As we moved on the broken column grew yet more scattered and disorderly, until, as we approached the foot of a hill, I saw the old men before mentioned seating themselves in a line upon the ground, in advance of the whole. They lighted a pipe and sat smoking, laughing, and telling stories, while the people, stopping as they came up, were soon gathered in a crowd behind them. Then the old men rose, drew their buffalo robes over their shoulders, and strode on as before.

Gaining the top of the hill, we found a very steep declivity before us. There was not a minute's pause. The whole descended in a mass, amid dust and confusion. The horses braced their feet as they slid down, women and children were screaming, dogs yelping as they were trodden upon, while stones and earth went rolling to the bottom. In a few moments I could see the village from the summit, spreading again far and wide over the plain below.

Our encampment that afternoon was not far distant from a spur of the Black Hills, whose ridges, bristling with fir trees, rose from the plains a mile or two to our right. That they might move more rapidly toward their proposed hunting-grounds, the Indians determined to leave at this place their stock of dried meat and other superfluous articles. Some left even their lodges, and contented themselves with carrying a few hides to make a shelter from sun and rain. Half of the inhabitants set out in the afternoon, with loaded pack-horses, toward the mountains. Here they suspended the dried meat upon the trees, where the wolves and grizzly bears could not get at it. All returned at evening.

As we moved over the plains on the next morning several young men were riding about the country as scouts; and at last we began to see them occasionally

on the tops of the hills, shaking their robes as a signal that they saw buffalo. Soon after some bulls came in sight. Horsemen darted away in pursuit, and we could see from the distance that one or two of the buffalo were killed. Raymond suddenly exclaimed: "Look! look! The Panther is running an antelope."

The Panther, on his black-and-white horse, one of the best in the village, came at full speed over the hill in hot pursuit of an antelope that darted away like lightning before him. The attempt was made in mere sport and bravado, for very few are the horses that can for a moment compete in swiftness with this little animal. The antelope ran down the hill toward the main body of the Indians, who were moving over the plain below. Sharp yells were given, and horsemen galloped out to intercept his flight. At this he turned sharply to the left and scoured away with so incredible speed that he distanced all his pursuers and even the vaunted horse of the Panther himself. A few minutes after we witnessed a more serious sport. A shaggy buffalo bull bounded out from a neighboring hollow, and close behind him came a slender Indian boy, riding without stirrups or saddle, and lashing his eager little horse to full speed. Yard after yard he drew closer to his gigantic victim, though the bull, with his short tail erect and his tongue lolling out a foot from his foaming

jaws, was straining his unwieldy strength to the utmost. A moment more and the boy was close alongside of him. It was our friend the Hail-Storm. He dropped the rein on his horse's neck and jerked an arrow like lightning from the quiver at his shoulder.

"I tell you," said Reynal, "that in a year's time that boy will match the best hunter in the village. There, he has given it to him! and there goes another! You feel well, now, old bull, don't you, with two arrows stuck in your lights? There, he has given him another! Hear how the Hail-Storm yells when he shoots! Yes, jump at him; try it again, old fellow! You may jump all day before you get your horns into that pony!"

The bull sprang again and again at his assailant, but the horse kept dodging with wonderful celerity. At length the bull followed up his attack with a furious rush, and the Hail-Storm was put to flight, the shaggy monster following close behind. The boy clung to his seat like a leech, and secure in the speed of his little pony, looked round toward us and laughed. In a moment he was again alongside of the bull, who was now driven to complete desperation. His eyeballs glared through his tangled mane and the blood flew from his mouth and nostrils. Thus, still battling with each other, the two enemies disappeared over the hill.

Many of the Indians rode at full gallop toward the spot. We followed at a moderate pace, and soon saw the bull lying dead on the side of the hill. The Indians were gathered around him and several knives were already at work. These little instruments were plied with such wonderful address that the twisted sinews were cut apart, the ponderous bones fell asunder as if by magic, and in a moment the vast carcass was reduced to a heap of bloody ruins. The surrounding groups of savages offered no very attractive spectacle to a civilized eye. Some were cracking the huge thigh-bones and devouring the marrow within; others were cutting away pieces of the liver and other approved morsels, and swallowing them on the spot with the appetite of wolves. The faces of most of them, besmeared with blood from ear to ear, looked grim and horrible enough. My friend the White Shield proffered me a marrow-bone, so skilfully laid open that all the rich substance within was exposed to view at once. Another Indian held out a large piece of the delicate lining of the paunch; but these courteous offerings I begged leave to decline. I noticed one little boy who was very busy with his knife about the jaws and throat of the buffalo, from which he extracted some morsel of peculiar delicacy. It is but fair to say that only certain parts of the animal are considered

eligible in these banquets. The Indians would look with horror on any one who should partake indiscriminately of the newly killed carcass.

We encamped that night, and marched westward through the greater part of the following day. On the next morning we again resumed our journey. At noon we stopped by some pools of rain-water and in the afternoon again set forward. This double movement was contrary to the usual practice of the Indians, but all were very anxious to reach the hunting-ground, kill the necessary number of buffalo, and retreat as soon as possible from the dangerous neighborhood. Late in the afternoon we came upon the banks of a little sandy stream, of which the Indians could not tell the name; for they were very ill acquainted with that part of the country. So parched and arid were the prairies around that they could not supply grass enough for the horses to feed upon, and we were compelled to move farther and farther up the stream in search of ground for encampment. The country was much wilder than before. The plains were gashed with ravines and broken into hollows and steep declivities, which flanked our course, as, in long, scattered array, the Indians advanced up the side of the stream.

Mene-Seela consulted an extraordinary oracle to instruct him where the buffalo were to be found. When he with

the other chiefs sat down on the grass to smoke and to converse, as they often did during the march, the old man picked up one of those enormous black-and-green crickets, which the Dakota call by a name that means, "They who point out the buffalo." The Root-Diggers, a wretched tribe beyond the mountains, turn them to good account by making them into a sort of soup, pronounced by certain unscrupulous traders to be extremely rich. Holding the bloated insect respectfully between his fingers and thumb, the old Indian looked attentively at him and inquired, "Tell me, my father, where must we go to-morrow to find the buffalo?" The cricket twisted about his long horns in evident embarrassment. At last he pointed, or seemed to point them, westward. Mene-Seela, dropping him gently on the grass, laughed with great glee, and said that if we went that way in the morning, we should be sure to kill plenty of game.

Toward evening we came upon a fresh green meadow, traversed by the stream and deep-set among tall sterile bluffs. The Indians descended its steep bank; and as I was at the rear, I was one of the last to reach this point. Lances were glittering, feathers fluttering, and the water below me was crowded with men and horses passing through, while the meadow beyond was swarming with the restless crowd of Indians. The sun was setting and

poured its softened light upon them through an opening in the hill.

The shadows had reached to the very summit of the bluffs before the lodges were erected and the village was reduced again to quiet and order. A cry was suddenly raised and men, women, and children came running out with animated faces, and looked eagerly through the opening in the hills by which the stream entered from the westward. I could discern afar off some dark, heavy masses passing over the sides of a low hill. They disappeared and then others followed. These were bands of buffalo cows. The hunting-ground was reached at last and everything promised well for the morrow's sport.

Long before daybreak the Indians broke up their camp. This movement was made merely for the purpose of finding a better and safer position. So we advanced only three or four miles up the little stream before each family assumed its relative place in the great ring of the village, and all around the squaws were actively at work in preparing the camp. But not a single warrior dismounted from his horse. All the men that morning were mounted on inferior animals, leading their best horses by a cord, or confiding them to the care of boys. In small parties they began to leave the ground and ride rapidly away over the plains to the westward. I had taken no food that morning, and went into my host's lodge, which his squaws

had erected with wonderful celerity, and sat down in the centre, as a gentle hint that I was hungry. A wooden bowl was soon set before me, filled with the nutritious preparation of dried meat called *pemmican* by the northern voyagers and *wasna* by the Dakota. Taking a handful to break my fast upon, I left the lodge just in time to see the last band of hunters disappear over the ridge of the neighboring hill. I mounted Pauline and galloped in pursuit.

From the top of the hill I could overlook a wide extent of desolate and unbroken prairie, over which, far and near, little parties of naked horsemen were rapidly passing. I soon came up to the nearest, and we had not ridden a mile before all were united into one large and compact body. All was haste and eagerness. Each hunter was whipping on his horse, as if anxious to be the first to reach the game. No man turned to the right or to the left. We rode at a swift canter straight forward, uphill and downhill, and through the stiff, obstinate growth of the endless wild-sage bushes. For an hour and a half the same red shoulders, the same long black hair rose and fell with the motion of the horses before me.

Meanwhile scouts kept in advance of the party; and now we began to see them on the ridge of the hills, waving their robes in token that buffalo were visible. These, however, proved to be nothing more than old

straggling bulls, feeding upon the neighboring plains, who would stare for a moment at the hostile array and then gallop clumsily off. At length we could see several of these scouts making their signals to us at once; no longer waving their robes boldly from the top of the hill, but standing lower down, so that they could not be seen from the plains beyond. Game worth pursuing had evidently been discovered. The excited Indians now urged forward their horses even more rapidly than before. I could not overtake them until they stopped on the side of a hill where the scouts were standing. Here, each hunter sprang in haste from the tired animal which he had ridden, and leaped upon the fresh horse that he had brought with him.

There was not a saddle or a bridle in the whole party. A piece of buffalo robe girthed over the horse's back served in the place of one, and a cord of twisted hair lashed firmly round his lower jaw answered for the other. Eagle feathers were dangling from every mane and tail, as a sign of courage and speed. As for the rider, he wore no other clothing than a slight cincture at his waist and a pair of moccasins. He had a heavy whip, with a handle of bull hide, fastened to his wrist by an ornamental band. His bow was in his hand and his quiver of otter or panther skin hung at his shoulder. Thus equipped, some thirty of the hunters galloped away toward the left in

order to make a circuit under cover of the hills, that the buffalo might be assailed on both sides at once. The rest impatiently waited until time enough had elapsed for their companions to reach the required position. Then, riding upward in a body, we gained the ridge of the hill, and for the first time came in sight of the buffalo on the plain beyond.

They were a band of cows, four or five hundred in number, who were crowded together near the bank of a wide stream that was soaking across the sand-beds of the valley. This was a large, circular basin, sun-scorched and broken, scantily covered with herbage and encompassed with high, barren hills, from an opening in which we could see our allies galloping out upon the plain. The wind blew from that direction. The buffalo were aware of their approach and began to move, though very slowly, and in a compact mass. Numerous old bulls were scattered over the plain, and ungallantly deserting their charge at our approach, began to wade and plunge through the treacherous quicksands of the stream, and gallop away toward the hills.

Looking up, I saw the whole body of Indians full in advance. I lashed Pauline in pursuit and reached them but just in time; for as we mingled among them, each hunter, as if by common impulse, violently struck his horse, each horse sprang forward convulsively, and scat-

tering in the charge in order to assail the whole herd at once, we all rushed headlong upon the buffalo. We were among them in an instant. Amid the trampling and the yells I could see their figures running hither and thither through clouds of dust, and the horsemen darting in pursuit. While we were charging on one side, our companions had attacked the bewildered and panic-stricken herd on the other. The uproar and confusion lasted but for a moment. The dust cleared away, and the buffalo could be seen scattering as from a common centre, flying over the plain singly or in long files and small compact bodies, while behind each followed the Indians, lashing their horses to furious speed, forcing them close upon their prey, and yelling as they launched arrow after arrow into their sides. The large black carcasses were strewn thickly over the ground. Here and there wounded buffalo were standing, their bleeding sides feathered with arrows; and as I rode past them their eyes would glare, they would bristle like gigantic cats, and feebly attempt to rush up and gore my horse.

Turning back, I saw Raymond coming on his black mule to meet me; and as we rode over the field together, we counted dozens of carcasses lying on the plain, in the ravines, and on the sandy bed of the stream. The hunters began to return. The boys who

Indians Hunting the Buffalo

had held the horses behind the hill made their appearance, and the work of flaying and cutting up began in earnest all over the field. I noticed my host, Kongra-Tonga, beyond the stream, just alighting by the side of a cow which he had killed. Riding up to him, I found him in the act of drawing out an arrow, which, with the exception of the notch at the end, had entirely disappeared in the animal. I asked him to give it to me, and I still retain it as a proof, though by no means the most striking one that could be offered, of the force and dexterity with which the Indians discharge their arrows.

The hides and meat were piled upon the horses and the hunters began to leave the ground. Raymond and I, too, getting tired of the scene, set out for the village, riding straight across the intervening desert. At length we could distinguish the tall white rocks and the old pine trees that, as we well remembered, were just above the site of the encampment. Still we could see nothing of the village itself until, ascending a grassy hill, we found the circle of lodges, dingy with storms and smoke, standing on the plain at our very feet.

I entered the lodge of my host. His squaw instantly brought me food and water, and spread a buffalo robe for me to lie upon; and being much fatigued, I lay down and fell asleep. In about an hour the

entrance of Kongra-Tonga, with his arms smeared with blood to the elbows, awoke me. He sat down in his usual seat on the left side of the lodge. His squaw gave him a vessel of water for washing, set before him a bowl of boiled meat, and as he was eating, pulled off his bloody moccasins and placed fresh ones on his feet; then, outstretching his limbs, my host composed himself to sleep.

And now the hunters, two or three at a time, began to come rapidly in, and each, giving his horses to the squaws, entered his lodge with the air of a man whose day's work is done. The squaws flung down the load from the burdened horses, and vast piles of meat and hides were soon accumulated before every lodge. By this time it was darkening fast, and the whole village was illumined by the glare of fires blazing all around. All the squaws and children were gathered about the piles of meat, exploring them in search of the daintiest portions. Some of these they roasted on sticks before the fires, but often they dispensed with this superfluous operation. Late into the night the fires were still glowing upon the groups of feasters engaged in this savage banquet around them.

We remained encamped on this spot five days, during which the hunters were at work incessantly, and immense quantities of meat and hides were brought in. In all

quarters the meat, hung on cords of hide, was drying in the sun, and around the lodges the squaws, young and old, were laboring on the fresh hides that were stretched upon the ground, scraping the hair from one side and the still adhering flesh from the other, and rubbing into them the brains of the buffalo, in order to render them soft and pliant.

Buffalo hides had been procured in sufficient quantities for making the next season's lodges; but it remained to provide the long slender poles on which they were to be supported. These were only to be had among the tall pine woods of the Black Hills,[1] and in that direction, therefore, our next move was to be made. It is worthy of notice that amid the general abundance which prevailed in the camp there were no instances of individual privation; for although the hide and the tongue of the buffalo belong by exclusive right to the hunter who has killed it, yet any one else is equally entitled to help himself from the rest of the carcass.

We travelled eastward for two days, and then the gloomy ridges of the Black Hills rose before us. The Indians passed along for some miles beneath their declivities, trailing out to a great length over the arid prairie, or winding at times among small, detached hills of distorted shapes. Turning sharply to the left, we entered

[1] Not the Black Hills of South Dakota but of southern Wyoming.

a wide defile of the mountains, down the bottom of which a brook came winding, lined with tall grass and dense copses, amid which were hidden many beaver dams and lodges. We passed along between two lines of high precipices and rocks, piled in utter disorder one upon another, and with scarcely a tree, a bush, or a clump of grass to veil their nakedness. As we advanced, the passage grew more narrow; then it suddenly expanded into a round, grassy meadow, completely encompassed by mountains; and here the families stopped as they came up in turn, and the camp rose like magic.

The lodges were hardly erected when, with their usual haste, the Indians set about accomplishing the object that had brought them there; that is, obtaining poles for supporting their new lodges. Half the population, men, women, and boys, mounted their horses and set out for the interior of the mountains. We passed between precipices more than a thousand feet high, sharp and splintering at the tops, their sides beetling over the defile or descending in abrupt declivities, bristling with black fir trees.

After having ridden in this manner for six or eight miles, the appearance of the scene began to change, and all the declivities around us were covered with forests of tall, slender pine trees. The Indians began to fall off to the right and left, and dispersed with their hatchets

and knives among these woods, to cut the poles which they had come to seek. Soon I was left almost alone; but in the deep stillness of those lonely mountains, the stroke of hatchets and the sound of voices might be heard far and near.

The camp was soon full of newly cut lodge poles; some, already prepared, were stacked together, white and glistening, to dry and harden in the sun; others were lying on the ground, and the squaws, the boys, and even some of the warriors, were busily at work peeling off the bark and paring them with their knives to the proper dimensions. Most of the hides obtained at the last camp were dressed and scraped thin enough for use, and many of the squaws were engaged in fitting them together and sewing them with sinews, to form the coverings for lodges.

CHAPTER VII

DRAKE'S VOYAGE AND VISIT TO CALIFORNIA[1]

BEFORE setting out on his adventurous sailing voyage round the world, Francis Drake had been in the Gulf of Mexico with Sir John Hawkins. Hawkins coasted along the western shores of Africa, where he captured negroes, and after crossing the Atlantic, sold them as slaves to the Spaniards in the West Indies.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

On one of the voyages Drake commanded one of the ships for Hawkins. While Hawkins and Drake were at anchor in the friendly port of Vera Cruz (Ulloa), the Spaniards fell upon them suddenly and destroyed

[1] Authorities: Burney and Hakluyt.

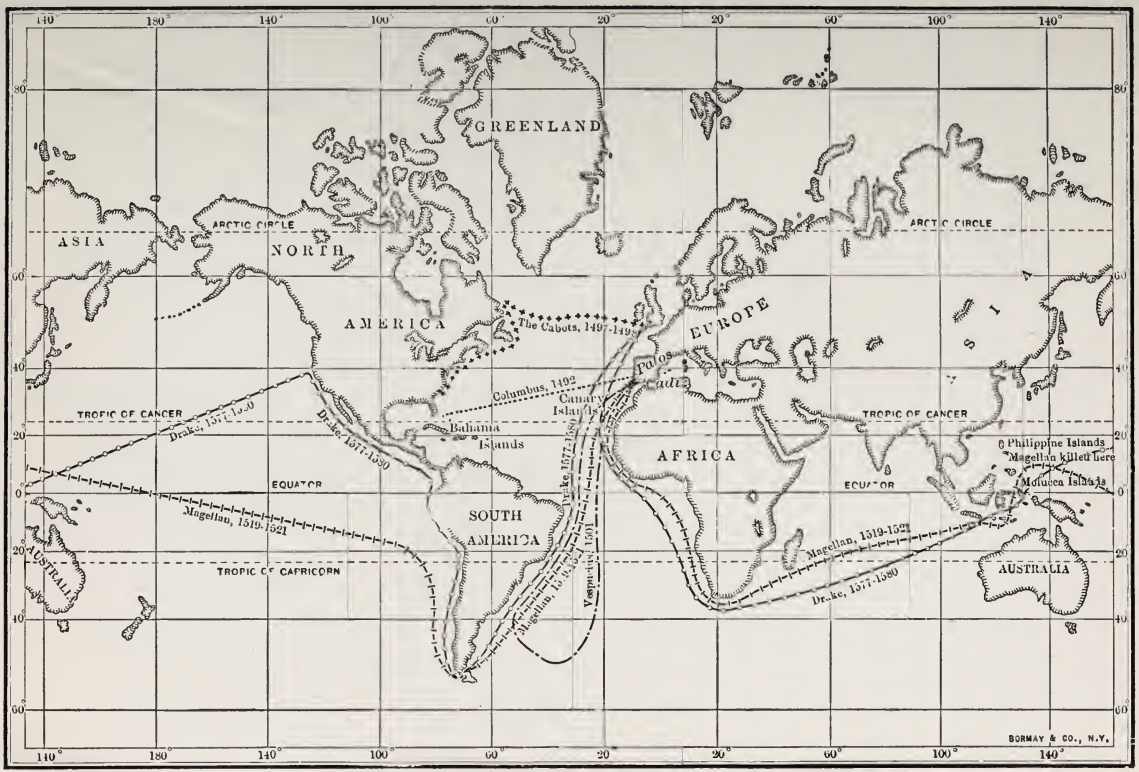
or captured most of Hawkins's vessels. Drake's ship and one other escaped. The captured Englishmen were cruelly tortured by the Spaniards. On account of this outrage Drake held a grudge against the Spaniards which may have led him to undertake his famous plundering voyage in Spanish waters.

At any rate, by the autumn of 1577 Drake had brought together, with the aid of wealthy Englishmen, five small vessels, the largest, the *Pelican* (afterwards named the *Golden Hind*), of one hundred tons burden and the smallest, the *Christopher*, a pinnace of fifteen tons burden. Encouraged by the queen and the English nobles, he planned to make with these ships and a body of 164 men a plundering trip through the south sea, especially along the west coast of South America. At this time Spain and England were at peace, but both nations were disposed to take advantage of each other in secret ways.

Having made several previous voyages to the West Indies, Drake knew well what stores would be needed upon an adventure of this kind. His ships were furnished with a complete outfit of arms and supplies. The *Pelican* had ready for use twenty cannon of brass and iron besides others stored in the hold. Besides being fitted out with all necessary goods and articles for traffic with the native tribes, his ship was furnished with some show of luxury.

There was a rich table-service of silver, and there were fine robes and gorgeous dress for both himself and his men with which to make a splendid appearance. In addition to the five vessels he carried in the holds of his larger ships several light pinnaces which could be put together and used for coasting along the shores and inlets where the larger vessels could not safely enter.

Before starting, in order to deceive the Spaniards Drake gave out that he was about to sail for Egypt, but as soon as he was on the open sea, in December, 1577, he ordered his crews to make for the coast of Africa. Along this coast he captured a number of Spanish boats and caravels, and off Cape Blanco he took a Spanish ship. Near the island of Brava Drake's little fleet captured a Portuguese ship loaded with a rich cargo of wines, cloths, and other goods, and this prize they manned and carried along. Brava is described thus: "About two leagues from the island of Togo lieth a most sweet and pleasant island. The trees thereon are always green, and the soil almost full of trees, so that it is a storehouse of many fruits and comodities, as figs always ripe, cocos, plantains, oranges, lemons, cotton, etc. From the banks into the sea do run in many places the silver streams of sweet and wholesome water, which with boats may easily be taken in. But there is no convenient place or rode for ships, nor



DRAKE'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD

anchoring ground to be had, the sea being above 120 fathoms in depth close to the shore."

Having taken on a supply of fresh water and food, the squadron, passing across the equator, sailed for the coast of Brazil. About the middle of April they entered the mouth of La Plata River, where one of the ships that had become separated from the rest rejoined them. A few miles farther up this river they took many seals which frequent the rocks. "These were good and acceptable meat, both as food for the present, and as a supply of provisions for the future."

Sailing southward, after stopping at various points, the scattered ships were finally brought together again at Port San Julian, June 20th.

Here they prepared to spend the winter months. It was the same port where Magellan had wintered in his famous voyage round the world. Strange to say, at this port Drake had to deal with mutiny among his men as was the case with Magellan before him. One of the captains, Thomas Doughtie, was accused of plotting against Drake, and, being tried by a jury, was condemned and beheaded.

On account of the danger of scattering the fleet and because some of the boats were leaky, all the ships but three

[1] Quoted by Burney in "South Sea Discoveries," p. 310.

were broken up, their goods and crews having been transferred to the three larger ships.

After two months of wintering the three vessels sailed southward and entered the straits of Magellan. Slowly working their way through these straits, when they came to the many passages and islands of the western entrance, the ships were anchored and Drake with some of his men set out in a small boat to discover the best passage. "As they returned they met a canoe in which were Indians of small stature, but well made. The canoe was made of the bark of trees, and had a semicircular high prow and stern. The body was handsomely moulded, and the workmanship was excellent. It had no other closing up or calking of the seams than their being stitched with thongs made of the skins of seals, or some other animal, and yet they were so close that scarcely any water entered the canoe. The tools which they used were knives made of muscle shells (which in the straight are of extraordinary size, some of them twenty inches in length). The thin, brittle edge of the shell is broken off, and a new edge is made by rubbing or grinding upon stones, which is so sharp and well tempered that it will cut the hardest wood, and even the bones, of which they make fish-gigs. They had a house upon the island, which was simply a few poles covered with the skins of beasts. The vessels in which they kept water and their drinking

cups were made of the bark of trees, of good shape and workmanship." [1]

On the 7th of September they emerged from the straits into the Pacific Ocean. But now their ships were struck by a storm which drove them to the southwest, and afterward returning to the coast near the straits, the ships became separated. Drake was driven southward by the storms, along the island coast, till he reached Cape Horn at the extreme southern limit of South America. From this point, looking southward, neither island nor mainland can be seen; here the Atlantic and the Pacific meet in a wide, open sea.

"On the 30th of October the wind coming fair from the south, the General weighed anchor, 'departing hence from the southernmost part of the world known or like to be known.' They sailed first to the northwest. The next day they took in provisions of birds on two islands and continued from thence, steering to the northwest. Afterward, to keep in with the land, they steered to the north and sometimes to the east of north." [1]

Sailing northward along the coast, Drake searched anxiously for his missing ships. They had in fact deserted him and returned to the straits. Having learned from a captured native that there was a Spanish ship in the harbor of Valparaiso, the English entered it and made

[1] Burney.

a prize of this "Grand Captain of the South." She contained 1770 jars of wine and a great quantity of silver, jewels, and other merchandize. They also plundered the town, taking some ornaments from the church, and especially, wine, bread, and bacon from the storehouses.

Passing along this coast, they traded with the Indians for fish and plundered the Spaniards as opportunity offered.

"At an Indian town where two Spaniards resided as governors, the English obtained, in the way of traffic, some Peruvian sheep. These animals are described to be about the size of small cows, having strength more than proportioned to their stature. One of them bore the weight of three stout men and a bag, without appearing oppressed. They have necks like camels and heads that have some resemblance to those of other sheep. Their wool is fine and their flesh good. They supply the place of horses and travel with heavy burthens over mountains, which no carriage or other animal laden can pass."

At Erica, where two Spanish ships were anchored, the English entered and took from them "above forty bars of silver of the bigness and fashion of brickbats, in weight about twenty pounds each," and two hundred jars of wine. At Arequipa also, they captured a prize ship.

At Callao Drake found seventeen ships riding in the road. He took some valuables from these ships and then dis-

abled them by cutting their cables and hewing away the masts of the larger ones, so they could not pursue him. He then set sail to overtake a great treasure ship which he learned had sailed for Panama about two weeks before. The Spanish governor of Peru, upon discovering what Drake had done, at once fitted up two ships, each with two hundred armed men, and sent them in pursuit of Drake. But they were poorly provided and soon gave up the chase. A stronger force was later sent out but did not overtake Drake.

After two weeks of close pursuit of the treasure ship, they overtook it. "The Spanish captain, having no suspicion that an enemy was so near him, stood toward the strange ship, supposing her to be one of those that traded along the coast. When they were near each other, Drake hailed them to strike, which the Spaniard refused to do till after one of his masts was shot away and himself wounded with an arrow. As soon as possession was taken of the Spanish ship, Drake made sail with his prize, steering a direct course from the land all that night and all the next day and night; when, thinking they were at a safe distance from the coast, they stopped and lay by their prize for four days, taking out her cargo and loading their own ship. The treasure found in this Spanish vessel consisted of thirteen chests of royals of plate, eighty-pound weight of gold, twenty-six

tons of uncoined silver, and a quantity of jewels and precious stones." The Spanish government estimated its loss by the capture of this treasure ship at five millions of dollars. After having been stripped of her rich cargo, the Spanish vessel was allowed to proceed on her journey to Panama.

Having thus filled their ships with the booty plundered from Spanish towns and vessels, the thoughts of Drake and his crew turned homeward. But which way should they choose for their return voyage? To set out by way of Cape Horn would invite the attack of Spanish vessels, well armed and stationed there to hinder his return. None but Magellan had crossed the Pacific Ocean and that was a long road home. There might be a northern passage back to Europe, but no one had explored the lands north of Mexico, and Drake knew but little about the continent which we call North America, except a few points along the Atlantic coast-line.

"All of us willingly hearkened and consented to our General's advice; which was first to seek out some convenient place to trim our ship and store ourselves with wood and water and such provision as we could get, and thenceforward to hasten on our intended journey for the discovery of the said passage, through which we might with joy return to our longed homes."

Sailing to the coast of Nicaragua, Drake and his men

landed at a small island near the mouth of a fresh-water stream. Near this they captured a Spanish vessel loaded with sarsaparilla, butter, honey, and other things. Drake ordered the cargo to be unloaded and transferred his own cargo to the empty ship. His own ship was then laid on shore and her bottom examined. There was plenty of wood on the island, and taking on board a supply of wood and water, they reloaded their vessel and sailed westward along the coast. Having taken from another Spanish ship loaded with silks, fine chinas, and linen clothes, such things as they desired, they anchored at Guatluca, released their Spanish prisoners, and sailed northward, April 14th.

(The following account of the first visit to the coast of California is from Hakluyt.)

Our General at this place and time, thinking himself both in respect to his private injuries received from the Spaniards, and also of their contempts and indignities offered to our country and prince in general, sufficiently satisfied and revenged; and thinking that her Majesty on his return would rest contented with this service, purposed to continue no longer upon the Spanish coast, but began to consult the best way for his country.

He thought it not good to return by the straits, for two special causes, the one, lest the Spaniards should there wait, and attend for him in great numbers and strength; whole hands, he being left but one ship, could not possibly

escape. The other cause was the dangerous situation of the mouth of the straits of the south side, with continual storms and blustering, as he found by experience, besides the shoals and sands upon the coast. Wherefore he thought it not a good course to adventure that way. He resolved, therefore, to avoid these hazards, to go forward to the Islands of the Moluccas, and there hence to sail the course of the Portuguese by the Cape of Good Hope.

Upon this resolution he began to think of his best way for the Moluccas, and finding himself, where he now was, becalmed, he saw that of necessity he must be enforced to take a Spanish course, namely, to sail somewhat northerly to get a wind. We therefore set sail and sailed eight hundred leagues at the least, for a good wind, and thus much we sailed from the sixteenth of April, after our old style, till the third of June. (Other accounts give the distance at 2500 leagues, and explain that Drake was seeking a northwest passage round America.)

The fifth day of June, being in forty-three degrees toward the pole Arctic, being speedily come out of the extreme heat, we found the air so cold that our men, being pinched with the same, complained of the extremity thereof, and the further we went the more the cold increased upon us, whereupon we thought it best for that time to seek land, and did so, finding it not mountains but low plain land; and we drew back again without landing

till we came within thirty-eight degrees toward the line. In which height it pleased God to send us into a fair and good bay, with a good wind to enter the same. (It is generally believed that Drake sailed north at this time to about forty-eight degrees north latitude, and that this bay in which he finally cast anchor was the Bay of San Francisco, so named later, probably, from Sir Francis.)

In this bay we anchored the seventeenth of June, and the people of the country, having their houses close by the water side, showed themselves unto us and sent a present to our General. "The ship had sprung a leak at sea, and to lighten her to come at the leak, it was found necessary to land the stores and goods. On the 21st the ship was for that purpose brought to anchor close to the shore, and the General landed his men with tents and such things as were necessary for building a fort for the defence of themselves and their effects." [1]

When they (the natives) came unto us they greatly wondered at the things which we brought, but our General, according to his natural and accustomed humanity, courteously entreated them and liberally bestowed upon them necessary things to cover their nakedness, whereupon they supposed us to be gods, and would not be persuaded to the contrary. The presents they sent unto our General were feathers and kinds of net work.

[1] Burney.

Their houses are digged round about with earth, and have from the outermost rim of the circle clefts of wood set upon them, joining close together at the top like a spire steeple, which by reason of that closeness are very warm.

Their bed is the ground, with rushes strewn upon it, and lying about the house; they have the fire in the midst. The men go naked, the women take bulrushes and comb them after the manner of hemp and thereof make them loose garments, which knit about their middles, hang down about their hips, having also about their shoulders a skin of deer, with the hair on it. The women are very obedient and serviceable to their husbands.

After they (the natives) were departed from us they came and visited us a second time and brought with them feathers and bags of tobacco for presents. (It is believed from other accounts that this was not tobacco but *tobah*, a kind of herb, possibly for food.) And when they came to the top of the hill, at the bottom whereof we had pitched our tents, they stayed themselves, where one appointed for speaker wearied himself with making a long oration, which done, they left their bows upon the hill and came down with their presents.

In the meantime the women remaining on the hill tormented themselves lamentably, tearing their flesh from their cheeks, whereby we perceived they were about a

Early Inhabitants of California (from an old print)

sacrifice. In the meantime our General, with his company, went to prayer, and to reading of the Scriptures, at which exercise they were attentive, and seemed greatly to be affected with it. But when they were come unto us they restored unto us again those things which before we had bestowed upon them.

The news of our being there being spread through the country, the people that inhabited round about came, and amongst them the king himself, a man of goodly stature and comely personage, with many other tall and warlike men; before whose coming were sent two ambassadors to our General to signify that their king was coming, in doing of which message their speech was continued about half an hour. This ended, they by signs requested our General to send something by their hand to their king, as a token that his coming might be in peace: wherein our General, having catechised them, they returned with glad tidings to their king, who marched to us with a princely majesty, the people crying continually after their manner, and as they drew near unto us so did they strive to behave themselves in their actions with comeliness.

In the forefront was a man of goodly personage, who bore a sceptre or mace before the king whereupon hanged two crowns, a less and a bigger, with three chains of a marvellous length. The chains were made of a bony substance, and few be the persons among them that are

admitted to wear them; and of that number also the persons are stinted, as some ten, some twelve, etc. Next unto him which bare the sceptre was the king himself, with his grand guard about his person, clad with conie skins and other skins. After them followed the naked common sort of people, every one having his face painted, some with white, some with black and other colors, and having in their hands one thing or other for a present; not so much as their children, but they also brought their presents.

In the meantime our General gathered his men together and marched within his fenced place, making against their approaching a very warlike show. They being trooped together in their order, and a general salutation being made, there was presently a general silence. Then he that bare the sceptre before the king, being informed by another whom they assigned to that office, with a manly and lofty voice proclaimed that which the other spake to him in secret, continuing a half an hour; which ended, and a general amen as it were given, the king with the whole number of men and women, the children excepted, came down without any weapon, who descending to the foot of the hill set themselves in order.

In coming toward our bulwarks and tents, the sceptre bearer began a song, observing his measure in a dance, and that with stately countenance, whom the king with his guard, and every degree of persons following, did in

like manner sing and dance, having only the women which danced and kept silence. The General permitted them to enter within our bulwark, where they continued their song and dance a reasonable time. When they had satisfied themselves, they made signs to our General to sit down, to whom the king and divers others made orations,

The Crowning of Drake

or rather supplication, that he would take their province and kingdom into his hand and become their king, making signs that they would resign unto him their right and title of the whole land and become his subjects. (Some writers think that this was not a correct interpretation of the actions and speech of the Indians.)

In which to persuade the better, the king and the rest with one consent and with great reverence, joyfully singing a song, did set the crown upon his head, enriched his neck with all their chains, and offered unto him many other things, honoring him by the name of *Hioh*, adding thereto, as it seemed, a sign of triumph, which thing our General thought not meet to reject, because he knew not what honor and profit it might be to our country. Wherefore in the name and to the use of her Majesty he took the sceptre, crown, and dignity of the said country in his hands, wishing that the riches and treasure thereof might so be conveniently transported to the enriching of her kingdom at home as it aboundeth in the same.

The common sort of the people, leaving the king and his guard with our General, scattered themselves together with their sacrifices among our people, taking a diligent view of every person; and such as pleased their fancy (which were the youngest) they, enclosing them about, offered their sacrifice unto them with lamentable weeping, scratching and tearing the flesh from their faces with their nails, whereof issued abundance of blood. But we used signs to them of our misliking this, and stayed their hands from force, and directed them upward to the living God, whom only they ought to worship. They showed unto us their wounds and craved help of them at our hands, whereupon we gave them lotions, plaster, and oint-

ments agreeing to the state of their griefs, beseeching God to cure their diseases. Every third day they brought their sacrifices unto us, until they understood our meaning, that we had no pleasure in them. Yet they could not long be absent from us, but daily frequented our company to the hour of our departure; which departure seemed so grievous unto them that their joy was turned into sorrow. They entreated us that being absent we would remember them, and by stealth provided a sacrifice which we misliked.

Our necessary business being ended, our General, with his company, travelled up into the country to their villages, where we found herds of deer by a thousand in a company, being most large and fat of body.

We found the whole country to be a warren of a strange kind of conies, their bodies in bigness as the Barbary conies, their heads as the heads of ours, the feet of a mole and the tail of a rat, being of great length; under her chin, on either side, a bag into which she gathereth her meat when she hath filled her belly abroad. The people eat their bodies and make great account of their skins, for their king's coat was made of them.

Our General called this country New Albion, and that for two causes, the one in respect of the white banks and cliffs, which lie toward the sea; and the

other because it might have some affinity with our country in name, which sometimes was so called.

There is no part of earth here to be taken up wherein there is not some likelihood of gold or silver.

At our departure hence our General set up a monument of our being there: as also of her Majesty's right and title to the same, namely a plate nailed upon a fair great post, whereupon was engraven her Majesty's name, the day and year of our arrival there, with the free giving up of the province and people unto her Majesty's hands, together with her Highness's picture and arms in a piece of sixpence of current English money under the plate whereunder was written also the name of our General.

It seemeth that the Spaniards hitherto had never been in this part of the country, neither did ever discover the land by many degrees to the southward of this place.

(This ends the account from Hakluyt.)

"July 23, Drake sailed. As long as the ship continued in sight, the natives kept fires on the tops of the hills. Near the port the English quitted are some islands by which the ship remained the whole of July 24th and caught a good store of seals and birds. They were named the Islands of St. James, and are, no doubt,

the same islands or rocks which appear in the late charts near the entrance of Port San Francisco.

"Drake now sailed sixty-eight days westward before he again saw land. Passing other islands he reached the Philippines, and later the Moluccas. The 14th of November, they anchored at a small island in 1° 40′ South, near the eastern part of Celebes. This island being uninhabited was deemed a secure and good place for repairing the ship, and here they remained for four weeks, undisturbed, with tents erected and a forge set up on shore, taking the precaution to entrench round the tents that they might be prepared against unwelcome visitors.

"December 12th they sailed toward the west, by which course they got entangled with a number of islands and shoals near the coast of Celebes. With the intention of getting clear of these they steered toward the south. On Jan. 9, 1580, they thought themselves in a clear sea, but early in the first watch, that same night, as the ship was running under full sail, with the wind large and blowing moderately fresh, they came all at once upon a rocky shoal, and stuck fast. Boats were got out to examine if an anchor could be placed in any direction, by which they might endeavor to draw the ship off into deep water, but at the distance of a boat's length no bottom could be found with all their

lines. . . . In this state of distress every one was summoned to prayers; and when that duty was performed, that no means that they could think of should remain untried, it was determined to lighten the ship of part of her lading. Three tons of cloves, eight of guns and a quantity of meal and beans, were thrown into the sea, but without producing any visible benefit.

"The ship had grounded on a shelving rock, and where she lay there was, on one side, only six feet depth at low water and it required thirteen feet depth to float her. The wind blowing fresh directly against the other side had kept the ship upright during the time she was left by the tide; but in the afternoon, when the tide was nearly at the lowest, the wind slackened, and the ship, losing this prop, suddenly fell toward the deep water. With the shake her keel was freed from the rocks, and not less to the surprise than to the great joy of every one on board, she was once more afloat.

"On March the 12th they anchored at a port on the south side of the island of Java, where they remained till the 26th, and procured every necessary supply. The whole of this time was passed in feasting and jollity, the greatest familiarity subsisting between the General and the native chiefs of the part of the island where the ship lay.

"From Java they steered for the Cape of Good Hope,

close by which cape they passed June 15. The 22d of July they put in at Sierra Leone on the coast of Africa, where they stopped two days to take in water, and obtained there oysters and fruit. The 24th they again put to sea, and on the 26th of September, they anchored safe at Plymouth after an absence of two years and almost ten months. By the account of time in the ship, the day of their arrival was Sunday. With the people on shore it was Monday."[1]

Drake soon made his way to the court of Queen Elizabeth, who received him with much favor, and later dined with him on board his ship.

Some part of the money brought back on the *Golden Hind* was afterward paid back at the demand of the Spanish government, but it is supposed that the greater part of it was divided among the crew. It is estimated that fifty-eight persons returned with Drake to Plymouth.

[1] Burney.

CHAPTER VIII

CORONADO'S EXPLORING TRIP IN THE SOUTHWEST[1]

CORTES, while governor of Mexico, had sent out various exploring parties, and had himself made one long expedition toward the northwest to open up the regions lying in the direction of the country now known as California.

At this time the Pueblo Indian tribes lived in New Mexico, Arizona, and the southern part of Utah and Colorado. They were more highly civilized than any other Indians of North America, except those of Mexico. They lived in large houses, sometimes three stories high, built of stone or adobe, that is, sun-dried brick. Their villages and towns were located along the upper waters of the Rio Grande and the southeastern tributaries of the Colorado River.

Rumors came to the ears of the Spaniards of great kingdoms in the northland, of a country rich in gold and jewels. An Indian slave related to the Spaniard Guzman, in 1530, the tale of the Seven Cities, rich in treasures. Guzman made an expedition to the north

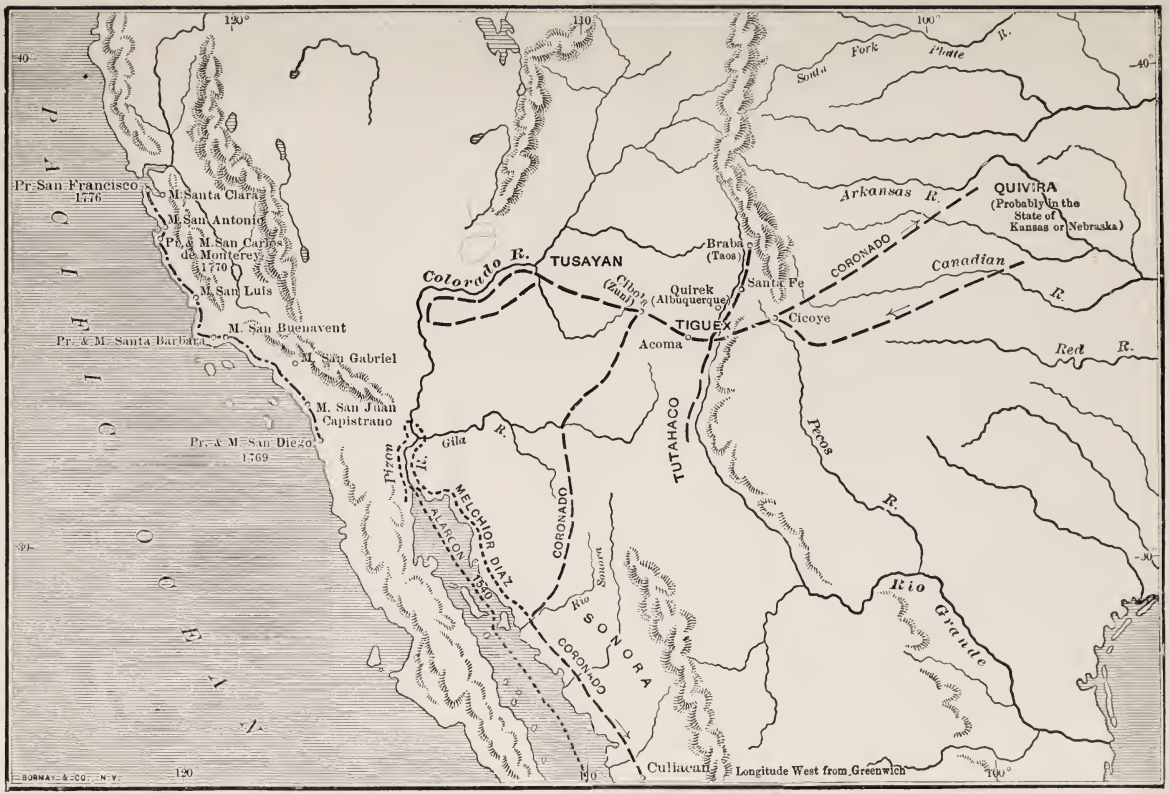
[1] Authorities: Hakluyt and Winsor.

with four hundred Spaniards, and heard still other favorable reports of this region.

When Mendoza became viceroy of Mexico, he appointed Coronado governor of New Gallicia, the northwest province of Mexico, and the latter became greatly interested in exploring the unknown north. But first he sent out Friar Marcos, a monk, with a small party, to make a journey into this new region and to report the results of his explorations. After many interesting travels and adventures, Friar Marcos returned with very promising accounts of the cities he had visited and of other greater cities of which he had heard.

In the spring of 1540 Coronado collected an army of three hundred Spaniards and eight hundred Indians, and set out upon his famous journey northward and eastward.

A fleet was to sail along the coast northward under the command of Alarcon. Alarcon had received orders to sail along the coast of the southern sea in order to accompany the march of the expedition. He was directed to transport the heavy stores and to keep up communication with the land forces by means of the rivers that empty into that sea. This part of the plan, however, failed of success, as Coronado's line of march soon led him to a considerable distance from the coast. Alarcon sailed up the Gulf of California, exploring the coast, and finally



Spanish Explorations in the Southwest

reached the mouth of the Colorado River, which he explored in boats to a considerable distance.[1]

The following account of his exploring trip is taken from Coronado's report to the viceroy of Mexico. It is somewhat adapted from the original: —

The 22d of April last (1540) I left the province of Culiacan with part of the army. Thirty leagues before we arrived at the place which Friar Marcos had told of, I sent Diaz before with fifteen horses, with order to make one day's journey, or two, and to examine all things against my coming. He travelled five days' journey through exceeding rough mountains, where he found neither victuals nor people nor information of any things, save that he found two or three poor little villages, containing twenty or thirty cottages apiece, and from the inhabitants thereof he understood that thenceforward there was nothing but exceeding rough mountains, which ran very far, utterly uninhabited and void of people.

It grieved the whole company that a thing so highly praised and so much bragged about by the Friar Marcos should be found so contrary, and it made them suspect that all the rest would fall out in the same sort. But I sought to encourage them and to fix their thoughts upon the seven cities and other provinces of which we

[1] Winsor, Vol. II, p. 481.

had knowledge; and with this purpose we all marched cheerfully through a very bad way, which was not passable but one by one, contrary to the report of the friar that the way was plain and good. These are in truth mountains which, although the way were well mended, could not be passed without danger of breaking the horses' necks. And the way was such that of the cattle which your Lordship sent us, for the provision of our army, we lost a great part on the journey, through the roughness of the rocks. The lambs and sheep lost their hoofs in the way, and of those which I brought from Culiacan, I left the greater part at the River of Lachimi, because they could not keep company with us and because they might come softly after us. Four men on horseback remained with them and have brought not more than four and twenty lambs and four sheep; for all the rest were dead with travelling through the rough passage, although they travelled but two leagues a day.

At length I arrived at the valley of the people called Caracones the 26th of May. From Culiacan, until I came thither, I could not help myself save only with a great quantity of maize. For seeing that the maize in the fields was not yet ripe, I was forced to leave it all behind me. In this valley of the Caracones we found more people than in any other part and great store of tillage,

But I understood there was store thereof in another valley called the Lord's Valley, which I would not disturb with force, but sent thither Diaz, with wares of exchange to procure some, and to give said maize to the Indians, our friends, which we brought with us, and to some others who had lost their cattle in the way and were not able to carry their victuals so far from Culiacan. It pleased God that we got some small quantity of maize with this traffic, whereby certain Indians were relieved and some Spaniards.

By the time we came to this valley some ten or twelve of our horses were dead through weariness, for being overcharged with great burdens and having but little to eat, they could not endure the labor. Likewise some of our negroes and some of our Indians died here, which was no small want unto us for the performance of our enterprise. We were told that this region is five days' journey from the western sea.

I departed from the Caracones and always kept the seacoast as near as I could, and yet in very deed still found myself farther off, so that when I arrived at Chichilticale, I found myself ten days from the sea, as the coast there bends toward the west.

I rested myself two days at Chichilticale and should have stayed longer, but because we wanted victuals, we had no leisure to rest further. I entered the confines of

the desert on St. John's eve, but found not only no grass but a worse mountain way and worse passages than before, and the horses being tired, we were greatly molested therewith, so that in this last desert we lost more horses than before. Some of our friendly Indians died, and also a Spaniard, Spinoza, and two negroes, which died with eating certain herbs for lack of victuals. From this place I sent before me for one day's journey the field master, Don Garcias, with fifteen horses, to explore the country, and he failed not to do his part, for it is a most wicked way, at least thirty leagues or more through pathless mountains.

But after we passed these thirty leagues, we found fresh rivers and grass like that of Castile, and many nut trees and mulberry trees. And there was flax, chiefly near the banks of a certain river, which we called the River of Flax. We found no Indians at all for a day's journey, but afterward four Indians came out to us in a peaceable manner, saying that they were sent to that desert place to show us that we were welcome, and that the next day all the people would come out on the way to meet us with victuals.

Whereupon I went unto them and gave them beads and certain short cloaks, wishing them to return to their city, and bidding them to stay quiet in their houses, and fear nothing. This done, I sent the field master to

find whether there were any bad passage, which the Indians might keep against us, so that he might take and defend any such passage until the next day when I should come thither. So he went and found in the way a very bad passage, where we might have suffered very great harm. There he seated himself with his company, and that very night the Indians came to take that passage to defend it, and finding it taken, they assaulted our men there. But the field master was watchful and they soon fled away, doing no harm to the Spaniards.

The next day, in the best order I could, I departed in so great want of victual that I thought, if we should stay one day longer without food, we should all perish of hunger, for among us all we had not two bushels of corn. Wherefore it behoved me to push forward without delay. The Indians here and there had made fires and were answered again afar off as orderly as we ourselves could have done, to give their fellows understanding how we marched and where we arrived.

As soon as I came in sight of this city, which I called Granada, I sent Don Garcias and others, with some horsemen, to seek out the Indians and tell them that our coming was not to hurt them, but to defend them in the name of the Emperor our Lord, which message was delivered to them. But they, like arrogant people, made small account thereof, because we seemed very few in their eyes,

and they might destroy us without any difficulty, and they struck Friar Luys on the gown with an arrow, which by the grace of God did him no harm.

In the meantime I arrived with all the rest of the horsemen and footmen and found in the field a great host of Indians which began to shoot at us with their arrows.

AN INDIAN VILLAGE, OR PUEBLO

And because I would obey your will, I would not let my people charge them, forbidding my company, which entreated me that they might set upon them, in any wise to provoke them, saying that which they did was nothing, and that it was not meet to set upon so few people. On the other side, the Indians perceiving that we stirred not, took great stomach and courage unto them, insomuch that they came hard to our horses' heels to shoot at us

with their arrows. Whereupon, seeing that it was now time to stay no longer, and the friars were of the same opinion, I set upon them without any danger, for suddenly they fled, part to the city which was near and well fortified, and part to the field, whichever way they could shift. And some of the Indians were slain and more had been if I had suffered them to have been pursued.

But considering that hereof we might reap but small profit, because the Indians that were without were few, and those in the city were many, where the victuals were, whereof we had so great need, I assembled my people and divided them as I thought best to assault the city. I compassed it about and because the famine we suffered permitted no delay, myself, with certain of these gentlemen and soldiers, put ourselves on foot and commanded that the crossbows and arquebusiers should give the assault and should beat the enemies from the walls on one side where they told me there was a scaling ladder set up and that there was a gate. But the crossbowmen suddenly broke the strings of their bows, and the arquebusiers did nothing at all; for they came thither so weak and feeble that scarcely could they stand on their feet. By this means the people that were left on the walls to defend the town were no way hindered from doing us all the mischief they could. Twice they struck me to the ground with an infinite number of great stones, which

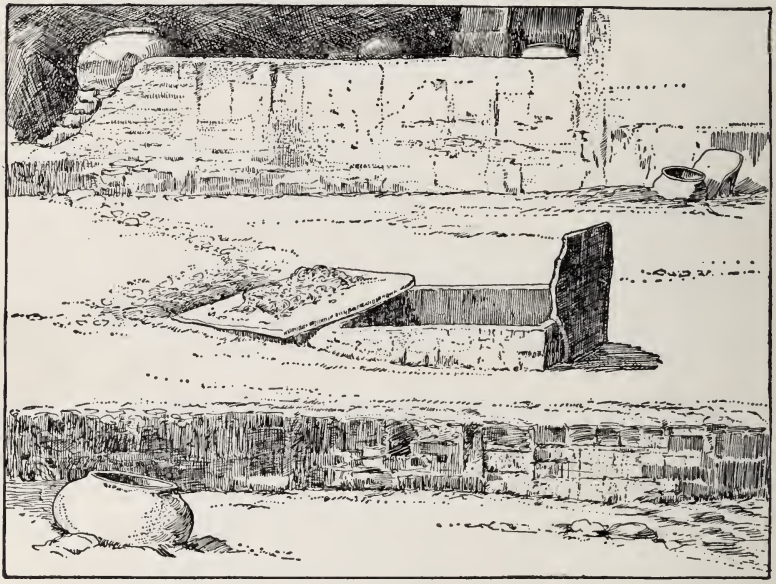
they hurled down; and if I had not been defended with an excellent good head piece, which I wear, I think it had gone hardly with me. Nevertheless, my company took me up with no small wounds in the face, and an arrow sticking in my foot, and many blows with stones on my arms and legs, and thus I went out of the battle very weak.

I think that if Don Garcias, the second time they struck me to the ground, had not succored me by striding over me like a good knight, I had been in greater danger than I was. But it pleased God that the Indians yielded themselves unto us, and that this city was taken, and such store of maize was found therein as our necessity required.

The captains of the footmen escaped with certain blows with stones. One was wounded with an arrow, and one shot in the face with another, and two footmen had wounds with arrows. And because my armor was gilded and glittering, they all laid load on me, and therefore I was more wounded than the rest, not that I did more than the rest, for all these gentlemen and soldiers carried themselves as manfully as was looked for at their hands. Three horses were slain and others wounded.

It now remains to certify your Honor of the seven cities and of the kingdoms and provinces, whereof the Father Provincial (Marcos) made report unto your Lordship.

And to be brief, I can assure your Honor he said the truth in nothing he reported, but all was quite contrary, save only the names of the cities and great houses of stone. For, although they are not wrought with turquoise, nor



The Doorway

with lime nor bricks, yet are they very excellent good houses of three, or four, or five lofts high, wherein are good lodgings and fair chambers, with ladders instead of stairs, and certain cellars under the ground, very good and paved, which are made for winter. And the ladders which they have for their houses are all in a manner

movable and portable, which are taken away and set down when they please, and they are made of two pieces of wood with steps, as ours be.

The seven cities are seven small towns, all made with this kind of houses that I speak of, and they are called the Kingdom of Cibola, and every one has its particular name but all together they are called Cibola. And this town, which I call a City, I have named Granada.

In this town where I now remain, there may be some two hundred houses, all compassed with walls, and I think that, with the rest of the houses which are not so walled, there may be together five hundred.

The people of this town seem to me of a reasonable stature and breadth. Yet they seem not to be such as they should be, of that judgment and wit, to build these houses in such sort as they are. They go nearly naked, and wear such painted mantles as I send your Lordship. They have no cotton wool growing, because the country is cold, yet they wear mantles thereof, as your Honor may see. And true it is, that there was found in their houses certain yarn made of cotton wool.

I found no women here, nor youth under fifteen years old, nor old folks above sixty, saving two or three old folks who stayed behind to govern all the rest of the youth and men of war.

We found here two points of emeralds and stones of

crystal. We found here also, Guinea cocks, but few. The Indians tell me that in all the seven cities they eat them not, but keep them only for their feathers. I believe them not, for they are excellent good and greater than those of Mexico.

The season in this country and the temperature of the air are like those of Mexico, for sometimes it is hot, sometimes it raineth. The snow and cold are wont to be great, for so say the people, and this is likely, both from the nature of the country, and from their furs and other things which they have to defend them from the cold. There is most excellent grass within a quarter of a league hence, both for pasture and to mow and make hay; whereof we stood in great need, for our horses came hither so weak and feeble.

The victuals which the people of this country have are maize, in great store, also small white peas, and venison which they probably feed upon (though they say no). For we found many kinds of deer, hare, and cony. They eat the best cakes that ever I saw and everybody generally eateth of them. They have the finest order and way to grind that we ever saw in any place. One Indian woman in this country will grind as much as four women of Mexico. They have most excellent salt in kernel, which they fetch from a certain lake a day's journey hence. They have no knowledge among them of the North Sea

nor of the western sea, and at the least I think I am a hundred and fifty leagues from thence and the northern sea should be much farther off. Your Lordship may see how broad the land is here.

Here are many sorts of beasts, as bears, tigers, lions, and certain sheep as big as a horse, with very great horns and little tails. I have seen horns so big that it is a wonder to behold their greatness. Here are, also, wild goats whose heads I have seen and the paws of bears and the skins of wild boars.

Three days after this city was taken, certain Indians of these people came to offer me peace and brought me certain turquoises and bad mantles. I received them in his Majesty's name, with all the good speeches I could devise, saying that the purpose of my coming into this country in the name of his Majesty and by the command of your Lordship, was that they and all the rest of the people of this province should become Christians and should know the true God for their Lord, and receive his Majesty for their Lord and Sovereign. And herewith they returned to their houses. And, suddenly, the next day, they set in order all their goods and substance, their women and children, and fled to the hills, leaving their towns, as it were, abandoned. Upon seeing this, I went to a neighboring city but found few of them.

After this an old man came, which said he was their Lord, with whom I reasoned. Three days after, he and other chiefs came to me bringing mantles and turquoises. I advised them to come down from their holds and return with their wives and children to their houses and to become Christians. But even yet they kept in their strongholds their women and children and all the goods which they have. At my command, they painted me two mantles, one of their beasts and one of their birds and fishes, which I send you.

That which these Indians worship as far as hitherto we can learn, is *the water*, for they say it causeth their corn to grow and maintaineth their life, and that they know no other reason but that their ancestors did so.

They tell me of seven cities which are far distant from this place, which are like unto these, though they have not houses like unto these, but they are of earth and small, and that among them much cotton is gathered. The chief of these towns, they say, is called Tucano.

(The remainder of this history is taken from the account given by Francis Lopez de Gomara in *Hakluyt's Voyages.*)

Because the Spaniards would not return to Mexico without doing something, nor with empty hands, they agreed to pass farther into the country which was told to be better and better.

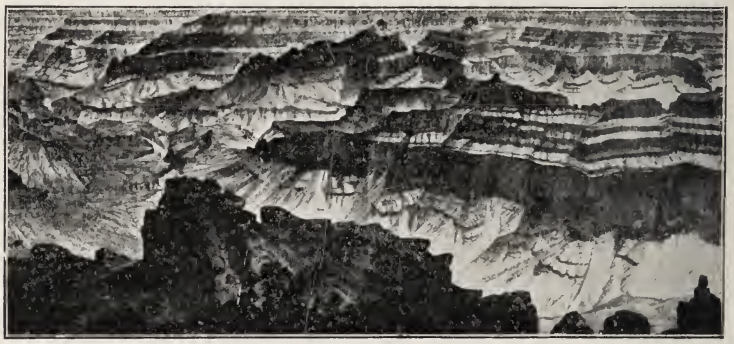
After five days' travel Alvarado, who had been sent forward with twenty men, came to a village called Acuco, situated on a precipitous cliff so high that an arquebus-ball could scarcely reach the top. The only approach to it was by an artificial stairway cut in the rock, of more than three hundred steps, and for the last eighteen feet there were only holes, into which to insert the toes. (This is now identified with the modern pueblo of Acoma.) By showing a bold front, friendly relations were established with the inhabitants of this formidable stronghold, who numbered some two hundred fighting men, and a large supply of provisions was received from them. Three days' further march brought them to a province called Tiguex containing twelve villages, situated on the banks of a great river. (Probably the Rio Grande near Bernallilo.)

In four days more Alvarado came to Cicuye "which he found to be a strongly fortified village of four-story, terraced houses, built around a large square. It was also protected by a low stone wall, and was capable of putting five hundred warriors in the field." [1]

From Cibola, Don Garcias, with his company of horsemen, went toward the sea (northwest). (This party, as described in Winsor, passed northward, first to Tusayan, a town previously subdued by the Spaniard, then marched

[1] Winsor, Vol. II, pp. 487–488.

twenty days through the desert.) "They came to the banks of a river which seemed to them to be elevated three or four leagues in the air. So steep were these banks that it was impossible to descend to the water which appeared so far away as to seem to be only an arm's length in width, and yet guides assured them that it was over half a league broad. Although it was sum-



A View in the Colorado Cañon

mer time, it was quite cold and the country was covered with a growth of stunted pines. For three days they followed the bank in search of a passage; and some volunteers who made the attempt, returned with the report that they had been able to accomplish a third of the descent, and that rocks that had seemed scarcely as high as a man, were found to be loftier than the towers of Seville cathedral. For three or four days they continued on, but at length were forced to return by want

of water, which they had been obliged to seek for, every night, a league or two back from the river, and retraced their steps to Cibola."[1] (This is a record of the discovery by white men of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.)

Coronado went (eastward) to Tiguex which standeth on the bank of a great river. Hearing of a rich country beyond, he decided to go thither, with determination to winter in so rich a region. (One night the Indians ran away and in the morning the Spaniards found thirty horses dead, which put the army in fear. In their journey they burnt a town, and in another town which they assaulted, certain Spaniards were killed and fifty horses wounded.)

Our people laid siege to the town but could not take it in more than five and forty days' space. The townsmen that were besieged, drank snow instead of water; on seeing themselves forlorn, they made a fire wherein they cast their mantles, feathers, turquoises, and precious things, that those strangers might not enjoy them. They issued out in a squadron, with their women and children in the midst, to make way by force and to save themselves. But few escaped the edge of our swords and the horses, and a certain river which was near the town. Seven Spaniards were slain in this conflict and four score were wounded, and many horses; whereby a man may

[1] Winsor, Vol. II, pp. 484–485.

see of what force resolution is in necessity. Many Indians returned to the town with the women and children until our men set fire on the town.

In this country there are melons and white and red cotton, whereof they make larger mantles than are made in the other parts of the Indies.

From Tiguex they went on four days' journey to Cicuic, a small town. (This is near the present site of Santa Fé, in New Mexico.) Four days thence they met with a new kind of oxen, wild and fierce, whereof the first day they killed four score, which sufficed the army with flesh.

The Supposed Buffalo

From Cicuic they went to Quivira, which, after their account, is almost three hundred leagues distant, through mighty plains and sandy heaths, so smooth and wearisome and bare of wood and stones. All that way the plains were as full of crook-backed oxen as the mountains of Serena in Spain are of sheep. They were a great succor for the hunger and want of bread which our people stood in.

One day it rained in that plain a great shower of hail, as big as oranges, which caused many tears, weakness, and vows.

An Indian guide whom the Spaniards named the "Turk" told them wonderful stories of the city of Quivira situated toward the northeast and of its great riches. Under his guidance the army wandered twenty-five days northward. Finding that he had been deceived by the "Turk," and that his army was short of provisions, Coronado took thirty of his best mounted horsemen and pushed forward, leaving the army to return to Tiguex.

Coronado marched for thirty days in a northerly direction and reached a large river which he named for the saints, Peter and Paul. During the march the party lived on bison flesh and even drank the milk. They followed the river northeasterly a number of days till they reached some villages. About forty-five days after leaving his army, Coronado came to the village of Quivira. Instead of finding this a great city of stone houses, Coronado was deeply disappointed to find only a village of straw huts and the people the most savage he had met. The "Turk" was punished with death for his lies.

At Quivira, they found a chief, Tatatrax, whom they sought, a hoary-headed man, with a jewel of copper hanging at his neck, which was all his riches.

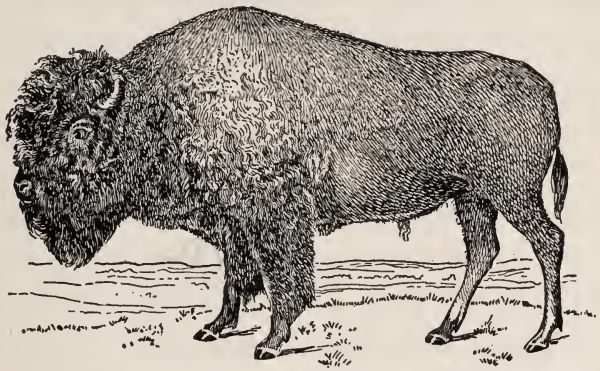
The Spaniards, seeing the false report of so famous riches, returned to Tiguex. Here Coronado fell from his horse and lost his wits and became mad, which some took to be for grief, and others thought it to be but counterfeited, for they were much offended with him because he peopled not the country.

(On his return to Tiguex, Coronado wintered and was preparing for further exploration of the country, still hoping to find the rich cities and provinces about which so many extravagant stories had been told. But after his fall from the horse, both he and his soldiers became discouraged and anxious to return to Mexico. Coronado was very much beloved by his men because he took so good care of them and shared their dangers and hardships. The army retreated first to Cibola and then to Chichilticale. But the discipline of his force was destroyed, so that Coronado lost control and brought back to Mexico only one hundred men.)

It grieved Mendoza (the viceroy of Mexico) very much that the army returned home, for he had spent above three score thousand pesos (dollars) of gold in the enterprise and owed a great part thereof still. Many sought to have dwelt there (in the new country), but Coronado, who was rich and lately married to a fair wife, would not consent, saying that they could not maintain nor defend themselves in so poor a country and so far from

succor. They had travelled above nine hundred leagues in this country.

All the way between Cicuic and Quivira is a most plain soil without trees and stones, and but few and small towns. The men clothe and shoe themselves with leather, and the women, which are esteemed for their long locks, cover their heads and waists with the same. They have no bread of any kind, as they say,



THE REAL BUFFALO

which I account a great matter. Their chiefest food is flesh, and that oftentimes they eat raw. They eat the fat as they take it out of the ox, and drink the blood.

These oxen are of the bigness and color of our bulls, but their horns are not so great. They have a great bunch upon their fore shoulders, and more hair on their fore part than on their hinder part: and it is like wool. They have, as it were, an horse mane upon their backbone, and

much hair and very long from their knees downward. They have great tufts of hair hanging down their foreheads, and it seemeth that they have beards, because of the great store of hair hanging down at their chins and throats. The males have very long tails and a great knob or floch at the end, so that in some respect they resemble the lion, and in some other the camel. They push with their horns, they run, they overtake and kill a horse, when they are in their rage and anger. Finally, it is a foul and fierce beast of countenance and form of body. The horses fled from them either because of their deformed shape or else because they had never seen them.

Their masters have no other riches nor substance: of them they eat, they drink, they apparel, they shoe themselves, and of their hides they make many things, as shoes, apparel, and ropes. Of their bones they make bodkins; of their sinews and hair, threads; of their horns and bladders, vessels; of their calves' skins, vessels wherein they draw and keep water. To be short, they make so many things of them as they have need of.

There are also in this country other beasts as big as horses which, because they have horns and fine wool, they call them sheep, and every horn of them weighs fifty pounds.

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